The Outlook

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THE STORY OF THE WAR: THE HESPERIAN AND THE ARABIC

Four days after Ambassador Bernstorff gave the United States Germany's pledge in writing that "liners will not be sunk by our submarines without warning and without safety of the lives of non-combatants provided that the liners do not try to escape or offer resistance," the Allan liner Hesperian, carrying 350 passengers and a crew of 300, bound from Liverpool for Montreal, was struck when about a hundred and fifty miles west of Queenstown, presumably by a torpedo shot from a German submarine.

Behaving with admirable coolness, the officers and men of the vessel lowered her lifeboats, in which most of the passengers and crew got away, to be picked up soon by steamers coming to the rescue. The captain and thirty-eight of the crew remained on the Hesperian while an effort was made to tow her to port, but thirty-four hours after she had been struck the vessel went to the bottom, while still seventy-eight miles southeast of Fastnet. As we go to press, according to the latest count, seventeen persons were lost in the disaster—thirteen passengers and four of the crew, including, possibly, one American. There were no Americans among the passengers, but it is said that there were several in the crew.

All the evidence at hand as this is written points to the conclusion that the Hesperian was struck by a torpedo. Only one person who was aboard the ship, a woman, claims to have seen a torpedo, and no one saw a submarine, but, as it was almost dark when the explosion occurred, it would have been difficult to see an object as small as a periscope even a ship's length away. The Hesperian's commander, Captain Main, and his first three officers have made affidavit that after the detonation had occurred against the starboard bow No. 2 bulkhead the characteristic odor of high explosives such as are used in torpedoes was noticed, and fragments of the kind of steel used in the construction of torpedoes were found on the Hesperian's forward deck.

This affidavit further states that the ship was not under convoy, had not spoken to an Admiralty vessel prior to the torpedoing, and that the forty Canadian soldiers on board were all either invalided or in attendance upon those invalided. It is admitted that mounted on the Hesperian's stern was a six-inch gun painted service gray. Such a rifle is larger than any gun carried by submarines or even by destroyers. To the statement of these officers is added the unanimous testimony of the ship's passengers that "no warning of any kind was received by the Hesperian."

The captain of the submarine which sank the Arabic has reported that he did so because he believed the Arabic was about to ram his boat. As a matter of fact, the officers of the Arabic did not even see the submarine and certainly made no attack upon it. The German note on this point has been handed to our Ambassador in Berlin, but has not been published as we go to press.

THE CASE OF DR. DUMBA

It has been hard for the spokesmen of the Teutonic allies in this country to explain the exposure made recently by the New York "World" of the activities of German agents to bring about strikes in plants turning out munitions for the Allies, and by other means to hamper the Allies and upset American neutrality.

Their task is harder than ever since the discovery of the plot headed by Dr. Constantin Theodor Dumba, Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to the United States, which aimed apparently at action as flagrant and unneutral as anything indicated by the evidence made public by the "World."

This plot was outlined in a letter from Dr. Dumba to Baron Burian, the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, which was found in the cabin of James F. J. Archibald, an American newspaper correspondent, by British secret service men when the liner Rotter-

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dam, on which Archibald was traveling to Germany and Austria from the United States, stopped at Falmouth, England.

In this letter Dr. Dumba is alleged to have said:

"We can disorganize and hold up for months, if not entirely prevent, the manufacture of munitions in Bethlehem and the Middle West, which, in the opinion of the German military attaché, is of great importance and amply outweighs the expenditure of the money involved."

In a statement to the press issued after this letter had been made public Dr. Dumba took the position that his propaganda had aimed merely at the calling out of Austro-Hungarians employed in plants making munitions for the Allies, and was not intended to "hold up for months" or "prevent the manufacture of munitions." It is understood that this is the position he took in his conversation with Secretary Lansing. Certainly this attitude does not jibe with his letter to Baron Burian.

Before this issue of The Outlook reaches our readers the fate of Dr. Dumba may have been determined by President Wilson. Apparently the only reason why Dr. Dumba's passports were not handed to him at once was the consideration that such a step would probably end the career of our Ambassador, Mr. Penfield, at Vienna and seriously increase the tension between the United States and the Teutonic allies. Certainly in time of peace Dumba would have to go. His offense is much greater than that of Mr. Sackville-West, the British Minister to the United States who was dismissed by President Cleveland in 1888 because he had advised former British subjects who had become American citizens to vote for Mr. Cleveland for President.

RUSSIA'S DEFENSE STIFFENING

The week brought less progress to the Germans in Russia than they have made during any equal period since the fall of Warsaw. The capture of Grodno was expected, and the place had been combed of everything of military value before the Germans entered it. The capture by the Germans of the bridge-head on the Dwina at Friedrichstadt was perhaps their most solid achievement, but as we go to press the Russians are still holding the bridge-head on the northeast bank and are desperately blocking the efforts of the Teutons to cross. The struggle at this point is important because the crossing of the river here by the Germans would probably force the Slavs out of all their positions from Friedrichstadt to Riga.

In the south, along the Galician and Bessarabian fronts, both sides have been active. The seizure of Lutsk by the Austrians was important, for Lutsk is a well-fortified place but twenty-five miles from Rovno, one of the most southerly buttresses in Russia's third and present wall of defense.

The assumption of the supreme command of his armies by the Czar and the relegation of the Grand Duke Nicholas to the leadership of the Caucasian army, a position of comparative unimportance, which is reported as we go to press, is the most unfortunate step taken by the high command of any of the allied armies since the war began. According to all accounts that have reached this country, the rank and file of the Russians believe in their towering Grand Duke as the American colonists believed in the great Washington, and as the Slavs can hardly believe in the pale and vacillating Czar. Competent observers of the progress of military events have been practically unanimous in ranking the Grand Duke as one of the four great commanders brought out by this war, the others being Joffre, Hindenburg, and Mackensen. Were President Poincaré to substitute himself for General Joffre, he would probably do the cause of the Allies less harm than the Czar will do it by trying to fill the huge shoes of Nicholas Nicolaivitch.

Despatches from Copenhagen say that German war-ships have re-entered the Gulf of Riga, whence they were reported to have been driven out two weeks ago. But we are still uncertain as to just what did happen at that time. A subscriber has found fault with us for reporting the alleged Russian victory in Riga Gulf. We were careful then to premise our remarks with the statement that "the official Russian reports claim," "the German Admiralty claims," and so on, arriving at the conclusion that something of importance had been happening in the Gulf of Riga, and that the Russians had apparently had the better of it. To this belief we are still inclined, although it is probable that the Russian claims were much exaggerated, and although it is doubtful, in particular, if the Moltke or a vessel of her type was sunk by a British submarine, as was claimed by M. V. Rodzianko, President of the Duma, in addressing that body. It is sad, but true, that the

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tendency of the official spokesmen of the great nations at war to speak hastily and inaccurately seems not to abate as the war continues.

FIGHTING ON THE MEXICAN BORDER

For two or three weeks there has been an irregular series of fights on our Mexican border. The matter seems to grow worse as time goes on. A despatch printed on September 8, for instance, coming from Brownsville, Texas, declares that "this section of Texas is literally armed to the teeth." Brownsville has a population of fifteen thousand, perhaps two-thirds of whom are of Mexican birth. Many Mexicans are constantly passing to and fro across the border, and there is more or less reasonable fear that serious disturbances may break out in the town itself. For a long distance on the Rio Grande River, where it forms the border line between the two countries, there have been incursions into our territory of predatory bands of Mexicans. Texan soldiers or rangers have properly captured or driven back across the river such bands, and when the rangers have been fired upon they have returned the fire. In one of these repulses of Mexican bandits General Orozco, once a revolutionary general of note, but always a treacherous and unprincipled man, was killed. A brief sketch of his singular career appears below. Almost every day there has been firing across the Rio Grande River by Mexicans on Americans and by Americans on Mexicans. No one knows just how many have been killed and wounded. The state of feeling among the American citizens on our side of the border may easily be imagined. It is all well enough to say that such matters should be left entirely in the hands of the United States Government and the law enforced by United States troops, but, under the conditions as they are, with the long border to protect and the comparatively few Federal troops available for the purpose, this is simply impossible.

General Carranza and General Villa have both denied any responsibility for these incursions on American soil. Their armies, however, are constantly changing; new bands are joining them, and bands of deserters or irregulars are breaking away from them, so that it is not at all impossible that some at least of these guerrillas have had some connection with the so-called "regular armies." In any case, the condition of affairs on our border is dangerous and irritating. The whole thing goes to show that it is impossible for the United States to ignore a state of anarchy, conflicting revolutions, and continuous warfare just across our line. The longer these conditions are allowed to remain as they are in Mexico at large, the sharper and more threatening will become the danger of serious trouble on the border. And if the United States shall decide, as we believe it ought, to exercise a genuine and practical restraining influence on the Mexican situation, it should be on the large ground of restoring peace and order in Mexico, and of protecting American life and property. It would be a pity to enter into a strife with Mexico over anything less than this.

A TYPICAL MEXICAN REVOLUTIONIST

Pascual Orozco, hunted and a fugitive in both Mexico and in the United States, was killed as a bandit and raider the other day by a Texan posse in a lonely canyon west of El Paso. His career was a tempestuous one, and it illustrates the Mexican anarchy of the last few years.

Even before Villa took up arms against Diaz and before Madero had come forward as the leader of the revolution Orozco and his father were leading a little band that continually harassed the Federal garrisons in the northern district of the State of Chihuahua. Orozco did not come into prominence until the battle of Juarez, in May, 1910, when, with Madero, he captured the city and at the same time aided in marking "finis" to the days of Diaz. Less than a week after the revolutionists entered the town, indications of the breach between Madero and Orozco, which was later to end in the Orozco revolution, became apparent. Both Orozco and Villa were dissatisfied with the provisional cabinet named by Madero, and, as the sequence of a bitter quarrel, Orozco had Madero thrown in jail. Cooler heads managed to patch up the trouble, but not before the leader of all of the revolutionary armies had spent a day under heavy guard.

Madero went to Mexico City and Orozco remained in the north as Chief of the Division of the North, the position later held by Francisco Villa. Soon after Madero was installed as President, however, Orozco went to the capital to demand money with which to pay his troops. Another violent quarrel ensued, and Orozco, sullen, returned to the north.

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On the night of January 31, 1912, the Juarez garrison mutinied. Orozco, then in Chihuahua, hurried to the border and made a show of subduing the mutineers. He protested his loyalty to Madero, but a month later resigned as commander of the Division of the North, and in a few days thereafter declared against his former leader. From the first his campaign was successful. He marched on Torreon, fighting severe engagements at several points on the railway to that city. It was at Rellano that he sent an engine, the pilot of which was hidden by cases of dynamite, against the Federal troop trains. A sudden attack, following the explosion that killed dozens of the Federals and demoralized the others, led to a complete rout of the Federals.

Orozco and his victorious army arrived at the very gates of Torreon, but, through lack of ammunition, failed to attack. The embargo on all American border ports was very strict, and the "colorados," as the Orozco followers were called, were unable to get any supplies. Torreon, which has been the scene of so many decisive engagements, was the turning-point in the Orozco revolution. Madero had placed General Victoriano Huerta in charge of the Federal forces. Whatever Huerta's faults may be, he is a born fighter. At the very points where Orozco had so decisively defeated the Federals Huerta retrieved the losses by utterly routing the "colorados."

When Huerta seized the Presidency, Orozco declared in favor of the new government. Throughout the Huerta revolution he was prominent, fighting in the north until the ill-starred retreat to Cginaja, on the American border, which resulted in the complete rout of the Federal army, which fled into Texas. Orozco, however, managed to escape. From that time until June of this year he was variously reported as heading a counter-revolution in Chihuahua and as having entirely retired from Mexican politics. Orozco again came into prominence when Huerta was arrested at El Paso recently. Orozco was waiting at the station at Newman, New Mexico, where the train was stopped, to confer with the ex-dictator. He was placed under a bond of seventy-five hundred dollars, and, though his house was closely guarded, he managed to escape. No matter what side he chose, Orozco always had a large following, and his end removes one disturbing factor in the Mexican situation, for as long as he was alive he was a menace to any government that might attempt to bring the country back to law and order.

REPUBLIC OR MONARCHY?

From despatches just at hand from China we learn that "the Government has decided tentatively to maintain the form of a republic instead of restoring a monarchy, but to make the Presidency permanent and hereditary," and that "the restoration of the old monarchy, long under contemplation by a strong portion of the Government and urged by a large part of the population, will thus be sidestepped in order to avoid the necessity of again obtaining the recognition of foreign nations." The announcement is also made that at a session of the Advisory Council the chief feature was the reading of a Message addressed to that body by President Yuan Shi-kai. Referring to the movement to re-establish a monarchy, the President said:

> I regard the proposed change as unsuitable to the country's circumstances. If it is decided upon hastily, serious obstacles will arise. The citizens' object is naturally only to strengthen the foundation of the state and increase the prestige of the country. If the opinion of the majority is consulted, good and proper means undoubtedly will be found.

Perhaps the "means" refers to the hereditary Presidency.

An interesting survey of the situation is given by Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks, the well-known authority on China, in the New York "American," from which we quote the following excerpts:

> When it was evident that the Manchu dynasty must fall, I was at first personally inclined to the opinion, as were, I think, a majority of non-Chinese, that probably the best plan for China would be the establishment of a new Chinese dynasty. . . .
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> When, however, the sentiment rapidly developed for the establishment of a republic, and it became evident that nothing else would satisfy the revolutionary element, which seemed to include a large majority not only of the young men who had been educated abroad, but also a goodly group of the ablest, most progressive officials and the influential, conservative, sound business men, that in itself put a different aspect on the question.
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> Yuan Shi-kai . . . has won the confidence of these conservative Chinese business men by discouraging graft . . . and by making it clear that he is keeping the interests of the people well in hand. In the China of the present generation the conception of empire stands for oppression,

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graft, corruption, disloyalty to the people. The Republic, as now administered, stands for the interests of China as a whole, with an increasing measure of honesty and efficiency.

This doubtless expresses the feeling of many another observer, including, it is now reported, Dr. Morrison, one of Yuan's foreign advisers. Whether republic or monarchy, it is to be hoped that China will have a strong and representative government.

CHINESE FLOODS

Letters have just come to hand giving details of the damage done to the city of Canton by the recent floods in the West River. These letters confirm the despatches of our Consul-General to the effect that Canton was wholly isolated except to powerful steamers, that thousands of the natives had been drowned, and that tens of thousands had taken refuge upon the housetops and other high places; finally, that thousands of houses had been burned. This last statement was questioned when it arrived, but the letters now explain that fire broke out after the breaking of casks in an oil warehouse. The ignited oil spread, burning, on the flooded waters. All the fire-fighting apparatus was out of commission, the electric plants destroyed, the police and firemen widely scattered.

Later news states that the towns up the West River from Canton also suffered. At one place the water was seventy-nine feet higher than its usual mark; then the dikes broke, and a vast territory which had supposedly been protected was submerged. Houses everywhere collapsed. People clung to bits of débris until they dropped off exhausted. The loss of life was appalling. Nor was this all; as the waters subside the heat came on, the stench was unspeakable, rats were everywhere in armies, and health was seriously affected.

From the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, from which we receive these latest details, we also learn of a striking illustration of the inhumanity of raw heathenism. At Canton the boat people would do nothing toward carrying persons to places of safety, or even to save them from drowning, except for exorbitant sums. When a steamer reached Canton from Hongkong bringing relief and persons who had come to look for their families, the boat people would unload only those persons who could pay a hundred dollars each (fifty dollars in our money) for the privilege of going ashore.

It is to be noted that the West River floods are not in the region to which the American Red Cross sent engineers last year to devise means of flood prevention. The West River Valley is a thousand miles distant from the scene of those floods and is of an entirely different character. While the Hwai River Valley, to which relief was sent by the Red Cross, is in northern China, the West River, now in flood, drains the whole province of Kwangsi, which adjoins French Indo-China.

EX-PRESIDENT TAFT ON THE PHILIPPINES

Mr. Taft, both before and since his retirement from the Presidency, has done much to interpret the Philippines to the United States and the United States to the Filipinos. What Mr. Taft has had to say concerning the government of the islands comes with the authority of one who both as Governor-General and as Secretary of War did effective work towards the solution of our Philippine problem.

During the past year he has again and again called to the attention of the country the grave danger that will arise if self-government in the islands is too rapidly extended. President Wilson's appointment of Governor-General Harrison, a Tammany Congressman, was not an act calculated to convince the country that Mr. Taft's fears were lightly grounded. Governor-General Harrison's close affiliations with discontented Filipinos of the type of Manuel Quezon have not helped to influence public opinion in his favor.

Now Mr. Taft has again reminded the country that in the midst of our other foreign complications the problem of the proper government for the Philippines is still with us. Speaking before the Commonwealth Club of California, Mr. Taft said that the effect of Governor-General Harrison's policy of displacing by wholesale removal important, able, and experienced American officials to make room for Filipino office-seekers had been so distressing that the Governor had felt obliged to announce that he was not going to be as radical as reported.

The passage of the Jones Bill, defeated by the last Congress, whose chief purpose, Mr. Taft said, was to make a declaration that the United States intended to give up the islands to the Filipinos when a stable government

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was established, would make the work of deterioration complete.

"What is the use of fooling the Filipinos by such a declaration?" Mr. Taft asked:

I am in favor of turning the islands over to their people when they are reasonably fitted for self-government, but this will not be for two generations, until the youth of the islands are educated in English and until the present pernicious lack of self-restraint and sacrifice of public weal to political pelf and preferment are cured by a longer training in partial self-government.

After a severe comment upon the situation that exists upon our Mexican frontier, Mr. Taft touched upon the possibility that a similar policy applied to the Philippines might result in similar misfortune. He said:

I only refer to our Mexican policy by way of illustration in warning you that the policy now being pursued in the Philippines, of which we hear little in the noise and excitement of the European war, is in the end likely to return to plague us and command our attention as much as Mexican affairs are thrusting themselves upon us now.

That Mr. Taft's remarks were based upon direct and recent information is suggested by a report for which the New York "Times" is the authority. According to this paper, the renewed feeling of discontent in the Philippines has been manifested in a very striking way. At a mass-meeting recently held in Cebu resolutions were passed pledging all who were present to prevent Mr. Dean C. Worcester from making his residence in that city. Mr. Worcester, it will be remembered, was Secretary of the Interior in the Philippines during the Administration of President Taft. He has lived in the islands more than eighteen years, and has done more perhaps than any other man for the development of the Philippines under American control. After his retirement from the Philippine administration he returned to this country, and did his best to educate American public opinion in the problems of the islands. He has now returned to the Philippines at the head of a commercial concern.

The Philippines need watching, and Mr. Taft has performed a service in reminding the United States that not all of its troubles lie on our southern and eastern frontiers.

THE PLATTSBURGH ENCAMPMENT

The first business men's Military Training Camp came to an official end on September 6. Perhaps the climax of the encampment was, however, the ovation to Major-General Wood upon the occasion of his last address to the citizen troops. If General Wood was gratified, as he must have been, with the spontaneous outburst which greeted his final appearance, certainly the amateur soldiers of Captain Dorey's command have every reason to feel proud of the praise which their work won for them from the ranking General of the United States army.

What you men have done has been nothing short of wonderful. You realize, and I do, that the art of war is centuries old, and that in the short space you have been with us it has been possible only to ground you in the rudiments of that art, so to speak. Yet you have progressed to a point where, if necessary, you could take a squad or company of men and drill them in the school of the soldier and whip them into shape.

You have done the hardest kind of work, and we have put you through a terrific pace. You can appreciate what this pace has been when I assure you that we have tried to give you in one month what we usually require four months to impart in the training of regular troops. I hope that you have seen enough in this last month to realize that the army of the country has a serious mission in life. We want you to help the army and navy. Help the militia all you can. The militia is one of the best things we have. Don't look with indifference on the militia. Back it. Get into it and help it every way you can.

Also it is my wish and it is your duty to back up and support the military policy of the Government at Washington, for you are all imbued with the spirit of the true soldier. If you did not have the spirit, you would not be here to-night.

The President himself has said that to all men who desire a military training an opportunity to get that training will be given, and the President considers such training good American policy. This camp is an epoch in our history, and the work so splendidly begun will continue.

From the side of the citizen soldier, and not the regular army officer in command, comes equally interesting testimony as to the value of the Plattsburgh encampment. Mayor Mitchel, of New York City, who went to Plattsburgh as a humble private and left there as a lieutenant in his company, had this to say upon his return:

The fundamental objects of the Plattsburgh training camp were, to my mind, two in number:

First, to give the members of the camp that initial and elementary training in the use of arms and the command of military forces

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which, if followed by more advanced and more thorough training, would fit them to become officers in the event of a National emergency. This the camp did. No one claims that any of us by virtue of these four weeks of instruction alone is now competent to command troops. On the contrary, we appreciate now how little competent we are. We have received, however, a groundwork which can easily be built upon to make of these thirteen hundred men material fit to supplement with officers the Nation's meager quota of trained regulars and trained militia.

Second, and by far more important, this encampment by practical demonstration has taught thirteen hundred of the representative men of the Nation the futility of relying upon volunteer armies in case of need, and the certain National disaster that would follow a continuation of that National policy. We know now, in a way that arguments can never bring home, that a soldier, much less an officer, cannot be made in a few weeks of training, and that it would be a crime against our people amounting to nothing less than National suicide to send into the field armies manned and officered by untrained volunteers.

A second business men's camp has just been opened at Plattsburgh, and there is every evidence that this plan of training citizens in the duties of a soldier will be carried on next year on an even more extensive scale. It is not too soon for any man desirous of profiting by such an opportunity for military training to place himself in touch with the War Department at Washington. A letter addressed to the "Officer in Charge, Military Instruction Camps, The War Department, Washington," will secure full information as to the requirements for the work.

THE NAVY LEAGUE AND PUBLIC OPINION

Interest in the navy by the various States can be fairly well estimated by the votes cast by their Representatives in Congress upon naval appropriations. The standard of appropriations which comes closest to the recommendations of the General Board of the Navy is that which has called for the building of two battle-ships each year. On this proposition Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Nebraska, and Colorado, among other States, have consistently voted "No." Kentucky and Kansas have been about evenly divided on this conservative programme.

The field secretary of the Navy League has recently returned from a careful canvass of public opinion as it exists to-day in the six States. This is his report of the present situation. He writes:

I was more than surprised to learn that the opposition to adequate military preparedness in general has virtually dissolved under the pressure of National necessity now obvious to every intelligent American citizen. This is particularly true as to the navy. I discovered that the people of the interior have not heretofore been informed as to naval needs. I addressed the various organizations in many of the cities I visited and encountered no hostility to our campaign. Occasionally sharp questions indicating suspicion that we were being financed by special interests for ulterior purposes were asked me, but when I gave frank answers in every such case not only the questioner but the crowds seemed entirely satisfied as to the character and high patriotic purposes of the Navy League.

The newspapers everywhere responded with unexpected liberality to my appeal for assistance in the line of publicity. Better still, the newspapers almost without exception gave our movement most hearty editorial indorsement.

Another representative of the League who visited Missouri reports that, while the entire delegation of fourteen Congressmen voted against two battle-ships at the last session of Congress, nine have already declared that they will support any building programme advocated by the League. The League is also authority for the statement that Mr. Champ Clark, Speaker of the House, who was a one battle-ship man, now stands ready to adopt the recommendation of the Navy Department.

STANDARD OIL AND THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY

The grant of an eight-hour day to all its employees by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey is heralded as a great victory by the forces of labor, although the officers of the New Jersey corporation seem inclined to regard it as a magnanimous concession on their part. The announcement of the change issued by the Company was as follows:

In accordance with the policy of this Company to keep its wages and working conditions equal to, or in advance of, the wages and working conditions of other men doing a similar class of work, it has been decided to adopt the eight-hour day.

This change will be made without loss to the men.

As it will be necessary to make certain changes in the present methods of conducting the plants, the eight-hour day will become

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effective on September 15, and notices have been posted to that effect in the various works operated by this Company.

The statement that it has been the policy of this corporation to maintain wage rates equal to or better than the rates of other companies doing similar work was not borne out by the recent report of the committee that investigated the strike in the Standard Oil plant at Bayonne in July, when two laborers were killed. Indeed, this committee stated flatly in its report to the United States Commission on Industrial Relations that, so far as the Bayonne plant was concerned, the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey did not pay wages as high as those paid at other plants employing men to do similar work.

The Company claims, however, that its discontented employees who went on strike have been satisfied by a ten per cent wage increase, and that the reduction in the length of the working day from nine hours to eight hours was made without any pressure on the part of the workmen.

The change will affect seventy-five hundred men in the employ of the New Jersey corporation. It is probable that the subsidiary Standard Oil companies, which were separated from the parent body by a Supreme Court decree, will also adopt the eight-hour day, in which case nearly twenty-five thousand more men will be benefited.

But the action of this company is mainly important as a significant piece of evidence indicating the increasing tendency of American capital to recognize the rights and to meet the fair needs of American labor whenever that is supported by the public conscience.

GOLF AND TENNIS

In golf of the caliber played in the National amateur championships, to miss a two-foot put is about as rare as to hole out a drive from the tee, but it was largely because one of his opponents performed the former feat while he himself later accomplished the latter that Robert A. Gardner, of Chicago, is to-day again the amateur champion of the country.

Fairly early in the tournament Gardner was able to dispose of T. M. Sherman, of Utica, largely because he ran out the short seventh hole of the Detroit Country Club course in one, while his opponent made it in two, which would have been a new tournament record for the hole but for Gardner's feat. Later, in the semi-final round, Max R. Marston, of the Baltusrol Club, stood on the thirty-sixth green, his ball only two feet away from the cup and victory over Gardner. Nine times out of ten he would have made such a shot, but he missed it, and Gardner won the match on the next hole.

These were only two phenomena of many that characterized a tournament of surprises. Jerome D. Travers, open champion, was beaten by Marston, while Francis Ouimet, amateur champion, was being eliminated by James D. Standish, Jr., of Detroit. When it came to the finals, Gardner faced John G. Anderson, of Siwanoy, New York, who had won his way into the finals by steady, persevering golf. The Chicago man won back the title which he had lost in 1910, in very decisive fashion by a margin of five up and four to play. A feature of Gardner's playing throughout the tournament was his terrific driving, his drives consistently ranging two hundred and fifty to two hundred and eighty yards. Experts believe that he gets this unusual power into his drives from the muscles that he developed as a champion pole-vaulter at Yale.

The National lawn tennis tournament was as full of surprises as the tournament for the golf supremacy at Detroit. While the golf tournament, however, was won by a man who was known to be of championship mettle, the highest honors on the court were taken by a mere youth, William M. Johnston, of San Francisco, only twenty years old, and rated sixth last year. The enthusiasts who crowded to the courts of the West Side Tennis Club of Forest Hills, Long Island, to which place the championships have been moved from Newport, hoped to see the tournament crowned by another battle royal between R. Norris Williams, 2d, of Philadelphia, the winner last year, and Maurice E. McLoughlin, champion in 1912 and 1913. When Johnston eliminated Williams in the semi-finals after five hard sets, the West was assured of the tennis championship, for McLoughlin, as was expected, easily defeated Theodore Roosevelt Pell, the second Easterner in the semi-finals.

It is doubtful if there ever was a match more spectacular than that in which the popular "California Comet" was forced to yield to the youngest man who ever won the championship. It was not that McLoughlin did not play well. He knew that victory would mean the permanent possession of the cup on which he had already twice written his

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name, and he himself declares that he never played better; but his best was not enough for the machine-like playing of Johnston, whose almost supernatural accuracy won him the match at three sets to one, 1—6, 6—0, 7—5, 10—8. This latest product of the State that has already produced such unusual players as Miss May Sutton, now the wife of Thomas C. Bundy, another Californian, McLoughlin, and Clarence J. Griffin, is the only man who has ever won a love set from McLoughlin since the latter first achieved prominence.

Johnston's victory is a good thing for the game. It breaks the monotony of the long succession of victories by what is known as the tennis triumvirate—McLoughlin, Williams, and Karl Behr.

Johnston and McLoughlin met again the day after their battle for the singles championship, when with Griffin as his partner Johnston succeeded in making McLoughlin and Bundy yield the supremacy in doubles which they have held for three years. The score was: 2—6, 6—3, 6—4, 3—6, 6—3.

THE HORNADAY PLAN FOR THE PRESERVATION OF GAME

Dr. W. T. Hornaday has put forward a plan for the preservation of game which is both economically and politically feasible. It is a plan which should commend itself to both sportsmen and naturalists. It is a plan which conflicts in no way with any industrial interest, such as stock-grazing or lumber. The plan can be outlined in no briefer form than that agreed upon as a working basis by Dr. Hornaday, the officers of the United States Forest Service, and the Biological Survey. Here is what Dr. Hornaday is asking for:

(1) A Federal law empowering the Secretary of Agriculture to select and delimit areas in National forests suitable for game sanctuaries. (2) These sanctuaries shall be established by Presidential proclamation. (3) These sanctuaries shall be so located that they will not occupy lands chiefly suitable for agriculture. (4) These sanctuaries shall be located where they will interfere to the least extent practicable with the grazing of domestic stock, especially the stock of actual settlers. (5) These sanctuaries shall be established with the approval of the Governor of each State concerned. (6) It is expedient to establish a large number of sanctuaries of medium size rather than a few large preserves. (7) The ideal condition would be a chain of sanctuaries which in time would restore game to all the intervening territory. (8) Administration will be vested in the Secretary of Agriculture. (9) Boundaries are to be settled after full consideration of all conditions. (10) Predatory animals are to be killed. (11) The object of these sanctuaries is to provide breeding-places for game which will spread over adjacent territory, where it will be subject to the regular open season provided by law.

In addition to the above it is understood that the final success of the plan contemplates strict regulation of the game that may and may not be killed annually, the plan that obtains in the deer forests of Europe. A large stock of game must be kept alive so that the annual increase will yield a permanent supply.

As to the land available for this purpose, the testimony of Mr. Smith Riley, United States District Forester of Denver, is both of interest and of value. "There is hardly a township of the one hundred and eighty millions of acres of National forest land," writes Mr. Riley in the "Proceedings of the Society of American Foresters," "but what one-fifth to one-third is suitable only for game range. I mean by this that of this vast acreage at least one-fifth to one-third cannot now, and can never be, used by domestic stock."

Mr. Hornaday's plan is one which holds promise of great service to the country. It should prove as effective for the preservation of large game as the bird sanctuaries have been for the preservation of insectivorous song-birds. That even in a populous country the number of song-birds can be tremendously increased by the establishment of sanctuaries in which breeding birds can nest unmolested and in which they are, to a certain extent, free from the unwelcome attentions of weasels, snakes, and squirrels, has been demonstrated both here and abroad.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN WATERSHED

The American Forestry Association has just held a conference at Franconia, New Hampshire. One of the objects was to examine and report upon the purchases of land in the White Mountains under the Weeks Act, passed in 1911, by which the Government may acquire the watersheds of navigable streams. About one-third of the 668,000 acres desired in the White Mountains has been acquired, the latest purchases including the bulk of Mount Washington with the primeval timber in the Great Gulf and the Tamworth slopes with their similar timber.

Under the Weeks Law purchases have been

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made in New Hampshire, Georgia, Tennessee, the Carolinas, and the Virginias. The Secretary of Agriculture is authorized to protect and administer these acquired lands as National forests. While the purpose is to keep the timber growing permanently upon all portions, any deteriorating material is being removed as well as the mature growth which can be spared from the forests without impairing their protective powers. The admirable character of this work has already been abundantly proved in the protection of watersheds from destructive erosion. To this end Congress appropriated eleven million dollars—one million dollars for the fiscal year of 1910, and for each of the fiscal years 1911 to 1915, inclusive, two million dollars. As the purchasing of the land took more time than was expected, and as the moneys were appropriated by fiscal years and were not made available until expended, the appropriation for the year 1910 never became available, and, owing to the limited time during which the appropriation for 1911 was available, nearly all of that year's appropriation went back to the Treasury. Hence the American Forestry Association urges Congress at its coming session to reappropriate the three million dollars contemplated under an Act which is soon to expire by limitation.

But it should not be allowed to expire. So wise a law should immediately be reenacted.

WATER POWERS IN DANGER

The Oregon Legislature recently asked the water power States in the West to send delegates to a meeting to be held September 21, 22, and 23, at Portland, on the Pacific coast. This action was due to the recent passage in the House of Representatives of the Ferris Bill, which would give additional jurisdiction over our natural resources to the Federal Government. Apparently, in the opinion of most members of the Oregon Legislature, this would further delay the development of Western water power. They assert that the title to the beds of all streams and the water powers within their banks is vested exclusively within the State, and that the Federal Government should relinquish to the States its title to all lands needed for water power development. The Portland "Oregonian," in commending the spirit and purpose of this conference, declares that "the water power being the property of the State, and the Government land being subject to condemnation in the same manner as the land of private owners, the States can proceed to grant water power leases without reference to the Government."

If the "Oregonian" correctly understands the object of this conference, it will not be a really free interchange of opinion between those who hold to the supremacy of the State and those who hold to the supremacy of the Nation in dealing with those forest and mineral lands and those water power sites which have not yet passed out of the ownership of the Federal Government. It can hardly be necessary for The Outlook to say that, in its judgment, the doctrine of State supremacy in this matter will merely make it easier for private capitalists to possess themselves of National property.

DISHONORABLE WARFARE

Americans exulted too soon over the supposed American diplomatic triumph. It is impossible for us to escape the conclusion that, as a skillful fisherman plays a gamy trout, so Germany is playing America, expecting to weary her into surrender to her unwarlike policy; or else there are two Germanys—one that talks and one that acts.

Let us restate the issue:

War is a conflict between the armed forces of nations for the determination of a controversy between them. Civilized nations never make war upon unarmed men, women, and children. Consequently they do not bombard unfortified towns; they give notice of bombardment of fortified towns, that the non-combatants may escape; they spare churches and hospitals; they pay for private property taken for military purposes; they protect the persons of non-combatants in conquered territory. If they capture a merchant vessel carrying contraband of war, they take it into the nearest port; if that is impossible, before destroying it they provide for the safety of the passengers and the crew, and this whether the ship belongs to a belligerent or a neutral.

These fundamental principles of humanity, recognized by all civilized nations in their warfare, Germany has systematically disregarded. She has bombarded unfortified towns; bombarded fortified towns without previous notice; spared neither churches nor hospitals; taken private property without compensation; demanded from non-com-

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batants a war tribute; failed to afford protection to peaceful citizens in conquered territory; and systematically, habitually, and exultantly sunk merchant vessels without providing for the safety of the passengers and the crew.

Against this violation on the land of the laws of all civilized nations the United States has not protested; against such violation on the sea she has protested in language both clear and strong. Her protest has been, not merely against the violation of the rights of Americans, not merely against the violation of the rights of neutrals; it has been against the violation of the rights of humanity. No one could ask a statement clearer or more inclusive than that of the Administration in the sentence: "The lives of non-combatants, whether they be of neutral citizenship or citizens of one of the nations at war, cannot lawfully or rightfully be put in jeopardy by the capture or destruction of an unarmed merchantman." (American note of June 9, 1915.)

Last week the American press seemed to think that Germany had at last acceded to America's demand. They were mistaken. America demanded that Germany cease to make war on non-combatants at sea. Germany replied that she would not make war against liners at sea. The exact language of the German Ambassador to our State Department was: "Liners will not be sunk by our submarines without warning and without safety of the lives of non-combatants provided that the liners do not try to escape or offer resistance." The American press from one end of the continent to the other welcomed this as a glorious triumph of American diplomacy.

And now, before the shouting had ceased, the Hesperian, an Atlantic liner plying between England and Canada, has been sunk without warning and without any provision for the safety of passengers and crew. Instantly the American press began to invent excuses: the Hesperian carried a gun; carried soldiers; perhaps it was warned; perhaps it was convoyed; perhaps it was chartered by the English Admiralty; it cannot be that Germany would violate her pledged word to America; there must be some excuse. Is this apologetic tone because the American press has a sudden access of charity? Or is it because the press is not willing to confess that it has been deceived? The ship was not warned, not convoyed, not chartered by the English Admiralty, and it had a right to carry a gun and the right to carry passengers who were soldiers.

There are only two defenses possible to Germany. The first is the denial that the Hesperian was torpedoed, the declaration that it was sunk by a floating mine; the second, the excuse that since Germany pledged herself to sink no liners sufficient time had not elapsed to get the new order to the submarines. The first would be an adequate defense. The second might serve to show that Germany had not deliberately broken her plighted word. But it would not justify an act in violation of the essential principles of civilized warfare, against which the neutral nations generally, and America in particular, have vigorously protested.

Meanwhile that illegal and inhuman warfare against non-combatants continues. Almost every morning we see reported the sinking of a merchant vessel or a trawler. If America is satisfied that this unlawful and inhuman warfare should continue, provided Atlantic liners are not torpedoed, it is America, not Germany, which has surrendered. No excuse, no apology, no disavowal, should satisfy the American people—nothing except the prompt and absolute discontinuance of this practice of war against non-combatants, whether on land or at sea.

The case of Mr. Dumba, the Austrian Ambassador, can be dismissed in a very few words.

Austria had a right to announce publicly that, if any of her non-naturalized citizens engaged in the manufacture of arms which might be employed against her, such citizens would be treated as criminals if they ever returned to their native land. She would, perhaps, have had a right to circulate such a proclamation in this country among her non-naturalized citizens if she did so openly and frankly. She has no right to employ her Ambassador in this country for that purpose. "A foreign minister here is to correspond with the Secretary of State on matters which interest his nation, and ought not to be permitted to resort to the press. He has no authority to communicate his sentiments to the people by publications, either in manuscript or in print, and any attempt to do so is contempt of this Government." [1]

If Austria had attempted in any other way

[1] Moore's "International Law Digest," Volume IV, page 68.

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to circulate such a proclamation in this country, this country would have had a right to prohibit the circulation. It is "the *right* of every nation to prohibit acts of sovereignty from being exercised by any other within its limits, and the duty of a neutral nation to prohibit such as would injure one of the warring powers." [1]

But the citizen does not need to refer to legal authority to find warrant for the condemnation of Mr. Dumba's action. For the Ambassador of a friendly Power to stir up industrial strife in America by secret means is intolerable. It is intolerable because it is treacherous; it is carrying on war while pretending to be a friend. It is the act of Joab to Amasa: "And Joab took Amasa by the beard with the right hand to kiss him. But Amasa took no heed to the sword that was in Joab's hand; so he smote him therewith in the fifth rib; . . . and he died."

If it be true that Mr. Dumba acted under the direction and by the authority of the Austrian Government, that fact simply makes Austria, not merely her Ambassador, guilty of treachery.

To such treachery but one answer is possible to a self-respecting nation. The false friend and real foe should be given his passports immediately.

THE RIGHT TO GOVERN

A correspondent in a letter on another page asks us why, if the United States was right in imposing its civilization upon the Philippine Islands, Germany is wrong in attempting to impose its culture on the world. "What," he asks, "is the ultimate foundation of human government?"

To the first of these questions we answer: If the United States had attacked Spain for the purpose of imposing American culture or civilization on the Filipinos, our correspondent's comparison would have been correct. But we attacked Spain to right injustice in Cuba. That injustice has been righted, and the administration of the Philippine Islands fell to our lot as a duty unsought and undesired.

To the second of these questions, "What is the ultimate foundation of government?" we reply: The right to govern is the right of the strong to protect the persons, the liberties, and the property of the weak. All just government, therefore, prepares for self-government; for it prepares the weak to protect their own persons, liberties, and property. Whatever government does this is a just government; whatever government fails to do this is an unjust government.

America has made no attempt to impose its culture on the Filipinos. But when it destroyed the Spanish Government in the Philippines, it became its duty to furnish protection to the persons, the liberties, and the property of the Filipinos. That any Power which destroys an existing governmental protection is bound to establish another governmental protection in its place is a fundamental principle of international law, because it is a fundamental principle of international morals. As soon as America has developed in the Filipinos the capacity to furnish this protection for themselves it will be America's duty to leave them to govern themselves.

If America remains as a protector or senior partner, it will be because the Filipinos so desire. America has repeatedly affirmed this to be its duty. The Outlook sees no reason to think that it will not fulfill its promise, and is proud of the progress which has already been made toward this fulfillment.

[1] Thomas Jefferson, quoted in Moore's "International Law Digest," Vol. II, p. 446.

THE END OF THE FRANK CASE

The Grand Jury in Georgia to which was referred the lynching of Leo Frank has taken no action and has been discharged. So far as the daily press reports it has said nothing. The public has no means of knowing whether the Grand Jurors thought they could devise no action to redeem the State from the opprobrium which has fallen upon it or whether they did not think it worth while to do so. Their failure is probably the last official act of the State of Georgia in the tragical triumph of mob violence over law and justice.

We have received from the Rev. Alvan F. Sherrill, the Dean of the Atlanta Theological Seminary, a letter containing the following paragraph. This is probably the last word which The Outlook will publish in defense of the un-American doctrine that a secret tribunal may override the laws of the State and take from its custody a prisoner of the State, and

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not only suffer no penalty, but receive the approbation of men of the character and standing of Dr. Sherrill:

At some risk of your misunderstanding me, I will add, the men who hung Frank were not a "mob" by any true use of that word—they were a sifted band of men, sober, intelligent, of established good name and character—good American citizens. In all essentials of manhood and citizenship, they were your equals or mine. They believed it was a very exceptional exigency that demanded and justified the very exceptional act. Now, are you sure that your judgment one thousand miles away is better than theirs on the ground? that law and life may not be safer? I suggest to you the question, not for more heat, but possible light.

Our reply to this extraordinary letter shall be made in the words of Abraham Lincoln. We quote from an address delivered by him in 1837, before the Young Men's Lyceum of Springfield, Illinois, one of the first of the remarkable addresses of this prophetic American:

Let every American, every lover of liberty, every well-wisher to his posterity, swear by the blood of the Revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation by others. As the patriots of '76 did to the support of the Declaration of Independence, so to the support of the Constitution and laws let every American pledge his life, his property, and his sacred honor—let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty. Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling-books, and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions, sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars.

This editorial, narrating the last act of the State of Georgia, reporting the last and best defense that can be made for its course, and expressing in the words of one of the greatest of American statesmen the condemnation which all patriotic Americans should feel for such a reign of mob law as has dishonored the State of Georgia, constitutes The Outlook's closing words upon this chapter of contemporaneous American history.

PEACE?

As we write, the air is full of unconfirmed rumors of peace proposals. Rumors are not news; but they sometimes foreshadow news. Sometimes they leak out; sometimes they are sent out as feelers; and sometimes they are the sagacious guesses of skilled reporters. These peace rumors are probably a combination of leaks, feelers, and guesses. They can here be summarized in a paragraph, with no attempt to discriminate between the facts and the guesses.

Cardinal Gibbons has called on the President. He has brought a message from the Pope. The message involves the suggestion that America unite with the Vatican in proposing to the European Powers an armistice in order to negotiate terms of peace. The proposal is initiated by Austria. Some of the terms of peace are suggested. They include the freedom of Poland and perhaps of Finland; the protection of the Jews; the freedom of the seas. If the Allies will consent to these preliminary conditions, Germany would listen to proposals of peace. She is not making peace proposals, but she has been so far victorious that she is willing to listen to peace proposals.

In this summary, condensed from several columns of gossip in the daily papers, the only unquestioned fact is that the Cardinal has called on the President. The rest is rumor. Both Cardinal and President have kept their own counsel. It is, however, unofficially but apparently authoritatively denied that the Cardinal called with a message from the Pope. A message was not necessary. The Cardinal knows the views of the Pope and can assume his wishes without being officially informed of them.

There are, however, some other facts which give support to the rumors.

It is a fact that Austria and the Vatican are very closely related; that Germany has won such victories in the East that she can without suspicion of humiliation intimate her willingness to listen to peace proposals; that there are unmistakable indications of the existence and the growth of an anti-war feeling in Germany, and that the German people are not indifferent to the public opinion of the civilized world; that Germany's sudden and to the whole world unexpected agreement to discontinue her policy of torpedoing liners without previous warning and without providing for the safety of the non-

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combatants indicates that the German Government is desirous of establishing friendly relations with America; that her demand for the freedom of Poland and the protection of the Jews would appeal strongly to the humane and democratic sympathies of the American people and would do more than any possible diplomatic correspondence to modify the strong anti-German sympathies of the great majority of Americans; and that while Germany has been victorious in the East and undefeated in the West, she is absolutely shut off from the sea, and while she has apparently no lack of either men or munitions, and with her recent victories stands in no apparent danger of lack of food supply, she has no access to the gold supply of the world, and her peril of bankruptcy is real, if not imminent.

In short, there are unmistakable indications that Germany is weary of a war which the people never desired and which the war party is beginning to find perilous to its power. These rumors are a dove sent out into the storm to see what it can find. But we hardly think it will bring back an olive branch from this sending.

The three suggested conditions of peace need explanation. Does the liberty of Poland mean her independence, or the German idea of liberty in a German province under Imperial rule? Does the protection of the Jews mean an end to the anti-Jewish campaign in Germany, or only a promised cessation of the anti-Jewish *pogroms* in Russia? And what does the freedom of the seas mean? If it means, not merely that Germany will cease torpedoing liners, but also that she will allow all merchant vessels to travel the ocean in safety, subject only to search for contraband of war, it will be welcomed by all neutral nations.

But, however explained, however amplified, these rumors contain no suggestion of any plan for meeting the indispensable conditions of permanent peace.

Will Germany evacuate France and Belgium? Will she make any reparation for her devastation of the country the neutrality of which she had guaranteed and which was absolutely free from any offense against her powerful neighbor? What shall become of Alsace and Lorraine? Shall their inhabitants have anything to say upon the question what shall be their country? What shall become of Constantinople? What of the Balkans? Shall they be left to live in a state of suppressed enmity liable at any moment to break out into open war? Shall the Dardanelles remain a closed channel and the Black Sea an inland sea, or shall the Dardanelles be as open to the world's commerce as the Suez Canal, and the Black Sea as free to the shipping of the world as the Mediterranean, and Russia enjoy her long-coveted right to become a commercial nation? Above all, what guarantees will Germany give to the Powers and what guarantees will the Powers give to each other and to Germany to prevent the recurrence of a world war? What arrangement will be made, what arrangement can be made, to enable the peace-loving nations to enforce world peace against all who threaten to disturb it?

Until both Germany and the Allies are willing to take up these questions for final settlement, any peace would be nothing but an armistice in preparation for a more terrible war.

UNDER A LEAKY ROOF

There have been times in the last few weeks when it seemed as though the United States was nearer the acceptance of a democratic and vitally necessary reform in its military policy than at any other time in its history. The continuous pressure of the Mexican problem, the destruction of Belgium, the Lusitania controversy, have all served as staring signboards along the highroad that even some professional myopics have been able to read. It has been a dear teacher, but the great war has caused us to search out our Governmental shortcomings as nothing else would ever have done.

Yet, despite this fact, the first apparent lessening of the tension with Germany did bring forth from some quarters the old cry, "Now there is no need to prepare."

The attitude is a familiar one. It is that of the man who wants to pay insurance premiums only when he is sick.

It is that of the stricken reprobate who hopes to find in a deathbed repentance a substitute for morality.

It is that of the landlord with a leaky roof. When it rains, it is too late to repair it. When it shines, there is no need to.

It has been the time-honored attitude of the American Nation, an attitude effectively summed up by President Monroe in 1822 in these words: "It is only when our rights are

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invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparations for our defense."

Those who to-day take this same position of which President Monroe complained totally misunderstand why there exists in this country a growing demand for an adequate policy of preparedness against war. Not against any nation nor for the solution of any single diplomatic controversy is an enlightened public opinion contending for a sound military reform, a reform founded securely upon an exact knowledge of the needs of the Nation and constructed in accordance with our highest political ideals.

The Congress which meets next December will feel the pressure of this public opinion, we hope, as Congress has never felt it before. Congress will be responsive if Congress is convinced that the Nation will accept no political substitute for a complete reorganization of its military resources. The campaign for the fulfillment of this demand is a campaign which can be conducted, in the strictest sense of the word, in the name of both moral and material economy.

LAFAYETTE DAY

"Whereas," runs the resolution of the Continental Congress, "the Marquis de Lafayette, out of his great zeal to the cause of liberty, in which the United States are engaged, has left his family and connections, and at his own expense come over to offer his service to the United States without pension or particular allowance, and is anxious to risk his life in our cause:

"*Resolved*, That his service be accepted, and that in consideration of his zeal, illustrious family and connections, he have the rank and commission of major-general in the army of the United States."

In these words Lafayette, born a hundred and fifty-eight years ago on September 6, in the Château of Chavaniac in Auvergne, was admitted into the service of the colonies. The anniversary of his birth has this year received wide recognition throughout the entire country. It is an anniversary that deserves lasting commemoration in America.

At a time when many foreigners with little claim either to influence or military ability were urging themselves upon the attention of the Government of the colonies, the offer of this gallant boy, barely twenty years old, stood out in high relief. Bringing to this country the best fruits of the chivalry of old France, himself an ardent harbinger of the highest traditions of the France that was to be, he attained a distinction and a fame which have been denied men with greater military genius and with a securer claim to the title of statesman. As Dr. Hatch well says in his excellent volume on the administration of the American Revolutionary Army, "Lafayette's conduct at Barren Hill, at Monmouth, and in Virginia justified his appointment; but his greatest service was in bringing France and America together. The Americans had been accustomed to look on France as the enemy of their country and their religion. They hated her and they feared her. They believed that her accursed priests were stirring up the Indians to ravage the frontiers, and that her crafty governors were drawing a chain of posts down the Mississippi Valley to confine the English to the Atlantic seaboard. The French themselves they despised as an inferior race.

"Much of this old prejudice still remained, and the vanity and ambition shown by many of the French officers were not likely to diminish it. But Lafayette conducted himself in a very different manner. Though accustomed to the luxurious life of a wealthy French noble, he cheerfully adapted himself to American conditions and lived as barely and rigorously as any. His generosity and loyal devotion to the cause made friends for him on every side. The glory which he won in America increased the enthusiasm of the French *noblesse*, and after the alliance was concluded Lafayette returned to France for the time and urged the Government to give efficient support, in both men and money, to the United States."

It was such service as this which moved Washington to write in a confidential letter to Gouverneur Morris, in connection with the appointment of Baron Steuben: "In a word, although I think the baron an excellent officer, I do most devoutly wish that we had not a single foreigner among us except the Marquis de Lafayette, who acts upon very different principles from those which govern the rest."

Whether or not this remark of Washington's truly represented his final judgment as to the high and important services of Inspector-General Steuben, certainly his estimate of Lafayette suggests the most

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characteristic and typical contribution which France has made to our civilization. Though there has been a Genet to mar the even course of our diplomatic relations, such an incident sinks into insignificance beside the constant spiritual companionship between the best minds of the two republics. There has, for instance, never been any suggestion of political selfishness or of ulterior motive in such a cultural organization as the Alliance Française, nor have the aspirations of the two countries, even in the darkest days of revolution and civil war, been without a common foundation of true and honorable democratic aspiration.

As Lafayette served as an interpreter of his France to the warring colonists, warring France of to-day is serving as the interpreter of her own spirit to this younger nation but older republic of the New World.

THE OUTCOME OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION IN NEW YORK

THE 168 delegates to the New York Constitutional Convention, who began their labors on April 6, finished them, except for a few formalities, on September 4. In that time 725 amendments were proposed by delegates.

More than six hundred of these died in committee. About half a dozen, including the proposed amendment of Mr. William Barnes, Jr., which would have prevented the passage of any social welfare legislation, were killed on the floor of the Assembly Chamber, where the Convention held its sessions, and twenty-one, favorably reported by committees, were left unacted upon when the Convention finally adjourned.

THE PROGRAMME FOR PROGRESS

Thirty-three amendments, affecting thirteen of the fifteen articles of the Constitution, were adopted. Among these thirty-three were the three which comprised the gist of the programme of the progressive element in the Convention in its unspectacular but very momentous fight with the forces of reaction and corrupt politics, a fight to which The Outlook has from time to time alluded in its editorials and correspondence. These three amendments are the proposals to give the Governor the initiative in budget-making, to give the cities of the State a measure of home rule, and the proposal providing that hereafter the only State officials to be elected by the people shall be the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Attorney-General, and Comptroller, and that the number of State departments shall be reduced from one hundred and fifty-two to seventeen. If the proposed Constitution is ratified by the voters, beginning in 1917, the Secretary of State, the State Treasurer, and the State Engineer will be appointed by the Governor. The Comptroller and the Attorney-General will be the heads of the Department of Law and the Department of Finance, respectively.

The Governor will appoint the Public Service Commissioners, the Conservation Commissioners, the Civil Service Commissioners, and the Labor and Industry Commissioners, with the approval of the Senate; while the Department of Education will continue to be under the management of the Board of Regents and under the direct administration of a commissioner appointed by that body. But the Governor will have the sole power of appointing and removing the heads of the Departments of Accounts, Treasury, Taxation, State, Public Works, Health, Agriculture, Charities and Correction, Banking and Insurance.

INCREASED POWER FOR THE GOVERNOR

The outstanding feature of the proposed Constitution is the increased power it would give to the Governor at the expense of the Legislature. This is strikingly illustrated in the amendment in regard to the State budget. Heretofore the budget-making power has rested in the Legislature, the veto power in the Governor. It is proposed to reverse this situation, making it the duty of the Governor to submit to the Legislature, not later than February 1 each year, a budget containing a complete statement of proposed expenditures, with a statement of resources and liabilities and an estimate of revenues, for the ensuing fiscal year. The Legislature may reduce and strike out items, but may not add or increase them. The Governor may amend items as he sees fit until the Legislature has taken

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final action on the budget, and he may veto items appropriating money for the Legislature and Judiciary. He and the Comptroller, the Attorney-General, and the heads of other State departments may appear before the Legislature to answer questions relating to items in the budget, and the Legistature may not pass any appropriation bills until the budget is out of the way.

COMPROMISE ON HOME RULE

Like most of the proposals adopted by the Convention, the home rule for cities article was the result of a compromise. It would give each city the "power to organize and manage the departments and bureaus of the city government, and to regulate the number, powers, duties, terms, compensation, and mode of selection of all city employees, including police and health officers and non-judicial officers and employees attached to courts not of record; this includes the employees of counties wholly within the city, except assistants in the District Attorney's office." Every city shall have an opportunity to revise its charter in 1917, and every eighth year thereafter if its electors desire, but amendments changing the framework of governments of cities or relating to the issuance of bonds or the contracting of debts are subject to the veto of the State Legislature.

A degree of home rule would be given to counties by the provision that the Legislature may not enact any special law applying to counties except on the request of the Boards of Supervisors of the counties.

THE "PAY-AS-YOU-GO" PLAN

The Convention's Committee on State Finances reported that, inasmuch as under the careless financial management of the past some $29,000,000 had accumulated in the State sinking funds beyond what was needed for the amortization of outstanding bonds, it would be as well to adopt a "pay-as-you-go" plan. Accordingly the Convention adopted an amendment to substitute serial bonds for the outstanding fifty-year bonds and for such bond issues already authorized as have not yet been issued. It is urged that some $35,000,000 may be saved in the next forty years in the retirement of the present State debt of $250,000,000.

Other important amendments adopted by the Convention and submitted to the consideration of the electors are the following proposals:

Increasing the salary of the Governor from $10,000 to $20,000.

Increasing the salaries of the legislators from $1,500 to $2,000.

Abolishing the Governor's power of delivering an emergency message by which legislation can be rushed through in a few minutes.

Giving the Legislature power to regulate or abolish manufacturing in tenement-houses.

Empowering the Legislature to include occupational diseases among the grounds entitling industrial workers to relief under the Workmen's Compensation Law.

Requiring the Legislature to enact a brief and simple civil practice act and a set of civil practice rules which the Court of Appeals and the Supreme Court may amend, but which the Legislature may amend only on the recommendation of a commission of investigation to be appointed by the Legislature every five years.

Continuing the limitation of New York City's representation in the State Legislature, which will prevent the city from controlling that body irrespective of the proportion the number of voters in the metropolis may bear to the whole number in the State.

Setting back the period for registration five days and to permit the passage of laws allowing traveling salesmen, actors, and others whose business keeps them out of the State on the regular days for registration, to register during the summer months before elections.

Abolishing the Peace Courts of the Indian tribes and bringing Indians under the jurisdiction of the same courts as the other races in the State.

Giving the Legislature power to convene on its own motion for the removal of a judge of the Court of Appeals or of the Supreme Court, and allowing the Assembly, on its own motion, to convene for impeachment.

Substituting an unpaid nine-headed conservation commission for the present single-headed commission, a commissioner to be appointed from each of the nine judicial districts, one commissioner's term to expire each year.

Permitting a person charged with a felony or an indictable misdemeanor to have an immediate trial instead of being forced to rest in jail, often for months, awaiting action by a Grand Jury.

Providing that the Woman Suffrage Amend-

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ment passed by the Legislature shall be voted upon separately by the people in November and, if approved by them, shall become law.

IMPORTANT REJECTIONS AND OMISSIONS

The Convention either failed to act upon or voted down the suggestion that the Legislature should be prohibited from passing any law under the police power of the State which could be considered "unreasonable"—a proposition that would have enabled the courts to nullify legislation prohibiting the sale of liquor—as well as the suggestions that the pardoning power be placed in a State Board of Pardons and that the judges of the higher courts should be appointed instead of elected.

The action of this Constitutional Convention deserves the careful consideration of thoughtful citizens in other States. The judgment of such men as Elihu Root, Henry L. Stimson, Seth Low, J. G. Schurman, George W. Wickersham, Delancey Nicoll, and others less widely known outside New York State, but not less favorably known within it, on some of the fundamental questions submittted to the Convention ought to, and will, carry weight throughout the Nation. The people of every State in the Union are interested in such questions as the budget, the powers and responsibilities of the Governor, the best method of exercising the increasing administrative functions in a democratic State, and the powers and responsibilities which should be lodged with municipal governments.

REASONS FOR ACCEPTING THIS CONSTITUTION

The Outlook advises voters in New York State to vote for this Constitution. The three amendments described in the second paragraph of the above summary are sufficient reasons for such a vote.

The provision as to the budget will enable the voters to keep a watch on appropriations and hold the Governor responsible alike for needless extravagance and injurious parsimony.

The provision of home rule will not wholly prevent, but it will lessen, the temptations to corruption and inefficiency produced by the present system of divided responsibility and ignorant interference in municipal affairs by well-meaning legislators unfamiliar with city needs and city conditions.

The simplification of the administrative machinery of the State and the increased power and increased responsibility of the Governor will give to the people an increased and more direct power of control over the entire public life and work of the State.

The opposition to this Constitution will be secret. It should be met by the intelligent discussion of the Constitution by the public press, and by a systematic and concerted attempt in the few weeks which remain before the election to put the principles involved before the voters.

THE AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR'S INTERFERENCE

A POLL OF THE PRESS

INTERNATIONAL law authorizes an Ambassador from a country at war with other countries, affirms the Philadelphia "Ledger," to warn his Government's subjects that their aid to that Government's enemies would be construed as treachery to their native land. "He could with propriety urge those subjects to withdraw from munitions plants, and could threaten if urgings were ineffective." In the present war, had an Ambassador at Washington chosen to do so, "he might have asked the Department of State to corroborate his demand." The Outlook's opinion on this question may be read on another page.

In a just discovered letter, however, one of the foreign representatives at Washington, in the opinion of the "Ledger," passed beyond his proper activities. This letter was written by Dr. Constantin Theodor Dumba, the Austrian Ambassador at Washington, to Baron Burian, the Foreign Minister at Vienna, recommending "certain proposals in regard

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to strikes in the United States." In this letter Ambassador Dumba said:

We can disorganize and hold up for months, if not entirely prevent, the manufacture of munitions in Bethlehem and the Middle West, which, in the opinion of the German Military Attaché, is of great importance and amply outweighs the expenditure of the money involved.

The American Government's reply to the Austrian Government's note urging an embargo on the export of arms and ammunition from the United States was sent on August 12 and was published August 16. Dr. Dumba's letter is dated August 20. Thus it appears, notes the New York "Times," that four days after the whole world knew that the United States had refused to grant the request of Austria and forbid the operation of a perfectly legitimate trade, the accredited representative of the Austrian Government in this country was deliberately planning to secure the ends of Austria by secret means to prevent the manufacture and exportation of munitions of war by using money to induce workmen to strike. The "Times" says:

Ambassador Dumba's deplorable breach of diplomatic etiquette, to designate it in no harsher way, overshadows all other incidents of the hour. . . .

Industrial concerns here would be very little inclined to employ a class of laborers who might at any time be called away from their work, not because of conditions of wages or hours, but at the behest of a diplomat in Washington acting in the interest of a foreign Government.

The New York "Evening Post" declares:

An effort to call out laborers in an organized way, by the use of money paid to men who had somehow gained influence over them, and under cover of questions foreign to the manufacture of munitions against the Central Powers, would be at once an interference with our civil order and our neutrality.

More bluntly the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat" says:

Dumba's employment of emissaries to persuade American subjects to strike or to interfere with the business of a concern with which they have obtained employment is not a proper duty for an Ambassador. That kind of work belongs to spies.

"Uncle Sam's forbearance is supposed by foreign nations to be equal to any strain upon it," remarks the Baltimore "American," "but it would be interesting to have their views upon a similar situation happening in their own countries, with American diplomatic officials as the offenders." In the same spirit the St. Paul "Pioneer Press" indulges in the following hypothesis:

Let us suppose that Germany and Italy were at war and that arms for Germany were being made in Austrian munition plants, and that the American Ambassador at Vienna, being in sympathy with Italy, should try to call strikes among workmen in Austrian army plants? What do you suppose the Austrian Government would do with the American Ambassador?

Hence the New York "Sun," and practically the entire American press, conclude as follows:

No nation can entertain within its borders diplomatic agents who thus abuse their privileges and menace its welfare.

The Boston "Herald," in common with other papers, declares that Dr. Dumba's offense constitutes ample grounds for such action as was taken by Mr. Cleveland and other Presidents. This refers, doubtless, specially to the Sackville-West incident twenty-six years ago.

But it is not necessary to hold that Dr. Dumba intended to foment crime inside the munitions factories, the New York "Tribune" points out. Whether he did or did not, he exceeded his privileges as a diplomat by attempting to interfere with the domestic concerns of the Nation to which he is accredited.

And not this alone. Says the Buffalo "Express:"

Dumba should be sent home and the Austro-Hungarian Government asked to disavow his actions. The United States Government has submitted to too much of this sort of thing.

The Washington "Herald" also concludes:

It is gravely to be doubted whether the Government of the United States can stop with the dismissal of Ambassador Dumba. The document contains evidence of a conspiracy . . . for the impairment or destruction of our industries.

It now develops, according to Dr. Dumba's statement, that he acted on orders from his Government. Hence the New York "Press" says:

It is not enough to let Austria disavow and discredit Dumba. The only offense he committed against the Government he represented was in getting caught. His Government ought not particularly to blame him for that, for he has served it in the way it wanted to be served.

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THE STORY OF THE ARABIC

BY ONE OF THE SURVIVORS

The author of this article is Alfred Still, Professor of Electrical Design in Purdue University, Indiana, who was one of the passengers on the ill-fated liner. Professor Still is an Englishman resident in the United States.—THE EDITORS.

"The Arabic, which sailed from Liverpool on the afternoon of August 18, was torpedoed by a German submarine between eight and nine o'clock on the following morning, and was sunk. The enemy gave no warning, and the liner went down in ten minutes. The torpedo struck the vessel on the starboard side at about one hundred feet from the stern. Of 181 passengers on board, it is officially stated that 18 are missing, in addition to 21 members of the crew of 248."

THIS brief account of the sinking of the White Star liner Arabic appeared in one of the London papers. To the intelligent reader it conveys all necessary information upon which a judgment can be based. In considering the meaning and magnitude of this latest outrage, it is well to realize (1) that the liner was an outgoing vessel; (2) that no warning was given; and (3) that, however blind Germany may have been to the opinions of neutral countries before she sank the Lusitania, she cannot now plead ignorance of the fact that civilized nations do not wage war on women and children, but, on the contrary, hold in abhorrence those who, however hard pressed, can sink to such depths of degradation as to torture and murder helpless and inoffensive people.

Arguments have been advanced to the effect that the sinking of the Lusitania was the greater crime because more lives were lost than on the Arabic. This is on a par with our treatment of the individual murderer. If the would-be assassin does not succeed in killing his victim, time is permitted to elapse before judgment is passed. If the victim dies, the murderer forfeits his life; but if he has bungled and failed to accomplish his object, he will sooner or later be set at liberty with a recommendation to amend his ways. That the lives lost on the Arabic amounted only to about ten per cent of the total number of persons on board is due entirely to the forethought and presence of mind of Captain Finch, to the manliness of those officers who faced certain death in the execution of their duty, and to the calmness of the passengers. The crime was already committed when the commander of the submarine gave orders to fire the torpedo with intent to sink the Arabic. He knew that he was about to murder women and children and defenseless men, but he could not possibly know whether his victims would be numbered by tens or by hundreds.

I have been asked to write an account of my experiences and impressions as a passenger on board the ill-fated Arabic. This is a difficult task for one who has not the gift of telling a story artistically in the manner of a professional writer; and the reader will be compelled to draw on his experience and imagination if he hopes to realize the thoughts and feelings of those who have witnessed this latest exploit of the "cultured" German.

We do not like to read about war waged deliberately upon women and babies and helpless old people; but the written word is weak and soon forgotten. It is the seeing of certain sights and the hearing of certain sounds that render clear what previously was vague; and neither reasoned arguments nor volumes of "inspired" sophistry can ever convince me that the crime I have witnessed is not a crime, or that it is less fiendish than the unspeakable atrocities that have been committed in Belgium.

On August 19, immediately after breakfast, I went on deck, and saw in the distance what looked like a derelict with bows low in the water. Farther off and toward the north two little white spots suggesting sails told the story of the abandoned ship. Captain Finch, of the Arabic, steered toward the disabled vessel with the evident intention of ascertaining her name. I judge that so soon as her name could be read through the telescope we resumed our proper course, because the derelict, which for a few minutes had been on our left, now appeared again on our right. It transpired afterward that a wireless message was sent from the Arabic indicating the whereabouts of the sinking merchant

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ship—the Dunsley, of London—but no S. O. S. signal was sent when the Arabic was struck, because the explosion of the torpedo rendered the machinery inoperative.

I was standing amidships on the starboard side, looking toward the sinking Dunsley, when I saw the torpedo coming straight toward me from a distance of about two hundred yards. I saw no sign of a submarine, not even the periscope. At first I thought the torpedo would miss us on account of the speed of the vessel; but a moment later I knew we were done for. A column of water rose straight up into the air to fully half the height of the mast; there was a dull explosion; and the captain gave the order to take to the boats. With great presence of mind the bugler sounded the call for all hands on deck, although, as a matter of fact, there was not a soul on the ship but knew what had happened.

There was no confusion; passengers and crew alike behaved admirably. Life-belts, previously laid out on deck, were available for all. Stewards and passengers tied them on to the women and children and snatched others for themselves as they moved toward the boats. There was no pushing or fighting. I found myself in a boat on the starboard side, which was lowered with some difficulty but without mishap. While still within a few yards of the sinking ship I saw Captain Finch high above me on the bridge, calmly giving orders to the men lowering the boats. By this time the stern had sunk considerably and the bows were rising out of the water. We rowed away from the sinking ship to avoid the suction. We saw her bows rise high out of the water, and then she sank very quickly. Seven minutes after being struck she had disappeared. One of the passengers, who apparently sought relief in words, said, "She's gone!"—a fact which all of us had already acutely realized. For the place where our floating home had been we saw nothing but overturned lifeboats, rafts, and wreckage, and twenty to fifty people struggling in the water.

The lifeboats that had been successfully launched pulled toward the wreckage to pick up the survivors. This task was very difficult in the heavy swell which had hardly been noticeable on the big liner. Although there were about thirty-five people in my boat, there was not an officer or sailor among us. In picking up a man with an injured arm who was clinging to an overturned boat there was great danger that our well-intentioned but amateur crew would crush him between the two boats. It was at this time, and also just before the ship finally disappeared, that distressful sights were witnessed. I think many of the survivors were mentally stunned by the shock. All in my boat were very calm, and the women did what they could to help the men. As an indication of what these women had to endure, I might mention that when the most heartrending sounds I have ever heard came from the direction where the wreckage was thickest some one said, "Is that a call for help?" to which one lady replied: "No, it is only the moaning of the people on the rafts and the cries of the little children."

After tossing about in our little boat for more than an hour, and making strenuous but not very successful attempts to keep her head on to the waves, it was seen from the other boats that we were without a ship's officer. At considerable risk an officer from one of the other lifeboats was taken on board. He immediately took matters in hand, and in a few minutes we had our sail up and another boat in tow. It was then that I learned that the captain had been saved. With astonishing quickness his orders as to the course to steer were signaled from boat to boat. After being over three hours in the lifeboats, with nothing in sight but white-capped waves and the little white sails of the other boats bobbing up and down in the distance, we saw a gray spot on the horizon, which the officer immediately recognized as a gunboat coming to our aid. In a few minutes this boat—which proved to be one of the latest type of mine-sweepers—was close upon us. She then altered her course suddenly, having apparently sighted the submarine rising to the surface, because several shots were fired in quick succession before she returned to our assistance. Her commander was evidently surprised to find so large a number of lifeboats where he believed one steamer only to have been sunk, for he signaled our boat, asking for information, whereupon our officer spelled out in a few words the story of the sinking of the Arabic. We then received orders to lower our sail and row toward the ship. We were taken, or rather flung, on board without ceremony. I think all the passengers realized the danger of delay. If not, they had merely to take note of the life-jackets worn by the crew of the gunboat and the keenness with which these men searched the sea for any-

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thing suggestive of the submarine which they knew might be lurking within a few hundred yards of them. As soon as the last man had been dragged on board we were off again at full speed, with the gunners very much on the alert for any sign of the enemy.

Another nervous period of several minutes' duration had to be endured while survivors from another lifeboat were taken aboard. This boat had been partially swamped when being launched. It contained several seriously injured people, and one woman in hysterics through the loss of her little girl. In the meanwhile a second gunboat had arrived on the scene, and was picking up the survivors in other lifeboats. About ten or eleven of the Arabic's boats had been successfully launched.

When it was clear that no more lives remained to be saved, the two salvage boats steamed full speed for Queenstown in Ireland, where we landed at about 7 P.M. All arrangements had been made for our reception. Not only the landing-stage, but also the roads to the hotels, were lined with soldiers to keep back the crowds. The Red Cross ladies attended to our immediate wants in the matter of food and clothing; and hospital nurses, accompanied by soldiers with stretchers, took charge of the more seriously injured. It was here that both joyful and distressful scenes were witnessed. Those who had been separated from friends at the time of the disaster either found them on board the other salvage boat or knew definitely that they would never find them again.

As an indication of how the mind will seek relief in moments of great stress by dwelling on commonplace and familiar things, it was interesting to note how the passengers, while on the salvage ship, would converse on everyday topics, notwithstanding the uncertainty that many felt regarding the fate of fellow-passengers and the fact that all were consumed with anxiety lest their friends on land should learn the news of the disaster before telegrams could be despatched announcing safe landing in Ireland. For myself, I recollect discussing phonetic spelling with a lady who, with me, had suffered severely from the cold and the unfamiliar motion of the lifeboat only a few hours previously, and whose immediate concern was the short time available for the renewal of her wardrobe, seeing that she was determined to sail by the first ship leaving Liverpool, in order to take up her duties somewhere in British Columbia. Not the least interesting feature of this conversation is the fact that it was carried on over the prostrate body of my cabin steward, who was suffering acute pain from a crushed chest, and whose face, with a bleeding wound in the forehead, was rapidly becoming unrecognizable through the deposit of soot and cinders which fell, like a fine black hail, upon the deck. The injured passengers had been carried below, where all the comforts and luxuries of a small war-ship in active service were at their disposal; but this man, being merely a member of the crew, was left on deck.

Since landing in New York I have been asked by my American friends how the British people received the news of the sinking of the Arabic. I fear that those who do not understand the character and temper of the English people may be surprised, if not disappointed, to learn that the news was received very quietly. This must not, however, be attributed to apathy or to indifference. The explanation is that the allied nations have long ceased to regard Germany as an honorable foe. The policy of "frightfulness" is recognized as one of the enemy's monopolies; but it does not frighten. If thirty-nine harmless people were murdered yesterday on the high seas, it is realized that a similar or even more senseless act may be committed tomorrow. Each incident of this nature is merely one more drop in the cup which soon will be full to overflowing. What the men of England may forget, through stress of work or interest in new activities, the women of England will remember. Whether it be in a few months or in a few years, the day of reckoning must come; and if England can then be magnanimous, one more miracle will have come to pass, even if it remain unnoticed, like countless others.

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WITH THE AMERICAN AMBULANCE IN FRANCE

BY J. R. McCONNELL

MEMBER OF SECTION SANITAIRE AMÉRICAINE "Y," OF THE AMERICAN AMBULANCE

With pictures by M. Bils, one of the official artists sent by General Joffre's staff to make pictures of the war for historical purposes

AN INTRODUCTION BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I very cordially call attention to this account of the work of one of the field sections of the American Ambulance in France, told out of his own experience by a young man, a graduate of the University of Virginia, who has been driving an ambulance at the front. The article came through Mr. A. Piatt Andrew, formerly Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury and for two years treasurer of the American Red Cross. Mr. Andrew has taken an active part in the organization of the work. He writes that several American college graduates are engaged in the field section, and that they and others "have been working for months with a devotion and courage which have commanded glowing tributes of gratitude and admiration from many French officers." In a second letter Mr. Andrew states that the faithful Mignot (spoken of in this article) was killed when the Germans bombarded the headquarters of the field section. If any of The Outlook's readers wish to aid in the splendid work of the American Ambulance in France, as I earnestly hope they will, checks may be sent to Mr. Andrew in the care of the "American Ambulance Hospital in Paris," 14 Wall Street, New York City.

Every young man just leaving college—from Harvard, from Yale, from Princeton, from Michigan, Wisconsin, or California, from Virginia or Sewanee, in short, from every college in the country—ought to feel it incumbent on him at this time either to try to render some assistance to those who are battling for the right on behalf of Belgium, or else to try to fit himself to help his own country if in the future she is attacked as wantonly as Belgium has been attacked. The United States has played a most ignoble part for the last thirteen months. Our Government has declined to keep its plighted faith, has declined to take action for justice and right, as it was pledged to take action under the Hague Conventions. At the same time, it has refused to protect its own citizens; and it has refused even to prepare for its own defense. It has treated empty rhetoric and adroit phrase-making as a substitute for deeds. In spite of our solemn covenant to see that the neutrality of unoffending nations like Belgium was not violated; our solemn covenant to see that undefended towns were not bombarded, as they have been again and again bombarded in France, England, and Belgium, and hundreds of women and children killed; our solemn covenant to see that inhuman and cruel methods of warfare—such as the use of poisonous gas—were not used, we have, in a spirit of cold, selfish, and timid disregard of our obligations for others, refused even to protest against such wrong-doing, and, with abject indifference to right, the professional pacifists have spent their time merely in clamoring for a peace that should consecrate successful wrong. What is even more serious, we have wholly failed to act effectively when our own men, women, and children were murdered on the high seas by the order of the German Government. Moreover, we have declined to take any effective steps when our men have been murdered and our women raped in Mexico—and of all ineffective steps the last proposal to get Bolivia and Guatemala to do what we have not the manliness to do was the most ineffective.

But there have been a few individuals who, acting as individuals or in organiza-

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tions, have to a limited extent by their private efforts made partially good our Governmental shortcomings. The body of men and women for whom Mr. Andrew speaks is one of these organizations. I earnestly hope that his appeal will be heeded and that everything possible will be done to continue to make the work effective.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

A SMALL field ambulance with a large red cross on each of its gray canvas sides slips quickly down the curving cobblestone street of a quaint old French frontier town, and turns onto the road leading to the *postes de secours* (dressing stations) behind the trenches, which are about two kilometers distant. The driver is uniformed in khaki, and is in striking contrast to the hundreds of blue-gray clad soldiers loitering on the streets. A group of little children cry out, "Américain," and, with beaming smiles, they execute a rigid though not a very correct salute as the car goes by. A soldier yells, "Good-morning, sir!" another "Hello, Charley!" and waves his hand, while others not gifted with such an extensive command of English content themselves with "Bonjour!" and "Camarade!" The little car spins on past companies of tired, dusty soldiers returning from the trenches, and toots to one side the fresher-looking sections that are going up for their turn. A sentinel stands out in the middle of the road and makes frantic motions with his hand to indicate that shrapnel is bursting over the road ahead. "I should worry," comes from the driver, and the car speeds serenely along the way.

It is an ambulance of the Section Sanitaire Américaine, "Y," the squad that has just been *cité à l'ordre de l'armée* (honorably mentioned in despatches).

American Red Cross aid for the French army in this war of wars centers in the American Ambulance Hospital, that amazing institution located in the extensive buildings of the Lycée Pasteur at Neuilly-sur-Seine, just beyond the gates of Paris. This war hospital, with its wonderful facilities and equipment; its staff of celebrated surgeons, doctors, and dentists; its corps of volunteer nurses and orderlies; its remarkable cures and far-reaching work, would furnish material for a series of articles, but here I am going to tell only of the life and work of one of its ambulance sections at the front.

In addition to the great sums of money that Americans have contributed to support the work of the hospital, many automobiles have been donated. For the station ambulance work in Paris various sorts are used; but for the most part cars in service at the front are uniformly of a certain very well-known make. They are exceptionally light and powerful. The chassis are fitted with an ambulance body that accommodates three stretchers or allows room for six sitting cases. The result is a very practical and comfortable little ambulance that is especially adapted to conditions at the front. The car can be run off the road to let artillery and other convoys pass, can cross fields, and run up steep and narrow by-paths to inconvenient *postes de secours*. Section "Y" is supplemented by two very large ambulances.

The drivers of these cars are all American volunteers; young men who, for the most part, come from prominent families in the States. All parts of the Union seem to be represented. The sections are composed of from fifteen to twenty-five cars each, and are under the direction of a section commander. While the cars are allotted to the sections by the American Ambulance Hospital, directed by its officers, and in part supported by the organization, they nevertheless become an integral part of the sanitary service of the French army, to which they are assigned as soon as they enter the war zone. The cars and *conducteurs*, as the drivers are called, are militarized, and all general orders come from the French medical officers. The French Government supplies the gasoline, oil, and tires, and the personnel of the sections are housed and fed by the army. They are given the same good and generous ration that the French soldier receives. Attached to each section is a French non-commissioned officer who attends to various details and acts as interpreter. Section "Y" is favored by the addition of an army chef, and the section commander's orderly has been put in the general service of all the members.

It is forbidden to give the location of any of the active units of the French army, and as this restriction holds good for Section "Y," which is at the very front, I cannot give any details that would indicate the point in

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the line where the section is stationed. I believe it is allowable to say that the town is very old and possesses a rare beauty. I have never seen a place that could boast of such a number of exquisite gardens or such a lovely encircling boulevard. The surrounding hilly country is charming and pregnant with the most romantic historical associations. Its reputation as a history-making region is certainly not suffering at the present.

The Americans are quartered in a large building that had not been occupied since the mobilization in August, 1914. There are countless rooms already furnished, and those on the first floor have been cleaned up so that now the section, which consists of twenty-four men, has "all the comforts of home." There is a large mess-hall, kitchen, writing-room, library, general office, dormitory, and a good, generous vaulted cellar of easy access. This last adjunct is important, for the town is one of the most frequently bombarded places in the line, and very often big shells that wreck a house at one shot make it advisable to take to the cave. The *atelier* of the *armurier* (armorer's workshop), with its collection of tools and fixtures, now serves as a perfect automobile repair shop. There is also running water, and at first we had both gas and electric lights; but shells have eventually put both systems out of commission. Naturally the telephone line gets clipped every few days, but that is essential, and so it is quickly repaired. Behind the headquarters is a gem of a garden containing several species of roses, and, as fortune would have it, new wicker chairs. At first it all seemed too good to be true. It did not seem possible that such an amazing combination of comforts could exist in the war zone, and still less so when one looked down the street and saw the German trenches in full view on the crest of a hill one thousand four hundred yards distant, where at night rifle flashes are seen. To Section "Y," that had hibernated and drudged along at Beauvais some thirty-five kilometers behind the line until April, it was a realization of hopes beyond belief. Of course, as far as the comforts are concerned, all may change. Any minute orders may arrive that will shift us, and then it may mean sleeping on straw, occupying barns or any available shelter; but while the present conditions obtain we beg to differ with Sherman!

A French motor ambulance section had been handling the wounded of the division to which our squad was attached, and we at first supplemented their work. To start with, French orderlies went out with the American drivers on calls to show them the working of the system, but after two or three days the Americans fell into the work as if it had been a life's practice, and, in spite of a lack of conversational ability, managed to evacuate the wounded without a hitch. The Americans did their work so well that they obtained the entire confidence of the authorities, and in a few weeks the French section was transferred to another post. It speaks very well for Section "Y" that all of the work of one of the most important points in the line was intrusted to it alone.

In addition to the actual carrying of wounded, there is a remarkable amount of detail office work; for every report, request, or order has to be made in triplicate, and it keeps the commander of the section, his assistant, and the *maréchaux des logis*, supplemented by a corporal and telephonist, very busy running the business and executive end. Then, in addition to the proper despatching of the regular and special services, there are hundreds of delicate situations to handle; requests of the authorities, the satisfying of numerous officers, and the reception of the various dignitaries who come to visit the much-heralded American Section. It is only on account of the exceptional ability and capacity of our diplomatic commander, "Ned" Salisbury, of Chicago, that the section has been intrusted with such vital responsibilities and that it has been able to perform them with such success.

All the men in the section had been billeted at houses in a town eight kilometers below, where they slept when not on night duty; but when the French section was ordered away, a number of the men elected to move up to the advance point, and were given excellent quarters in the various vacated residences of the town. Why, instead of just rooms they had suites, and the commander has an apartment in the show place of the town! It is surrounded by extensive walled grounds which have been made into a ravishing garden of flowering shrubs and trees; little lily-covered, iris-bordered lakes, masses of roses, beds of poppies, and in one sylvan nook is a flower-covered fountain fashioned of great rough stones whose tinkling waters tumble in glittering cascades between riots of vivid-colored plants and dense walls of variegated verdure. To see

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IN FRONT OF A "POSTE DE SECOURS"

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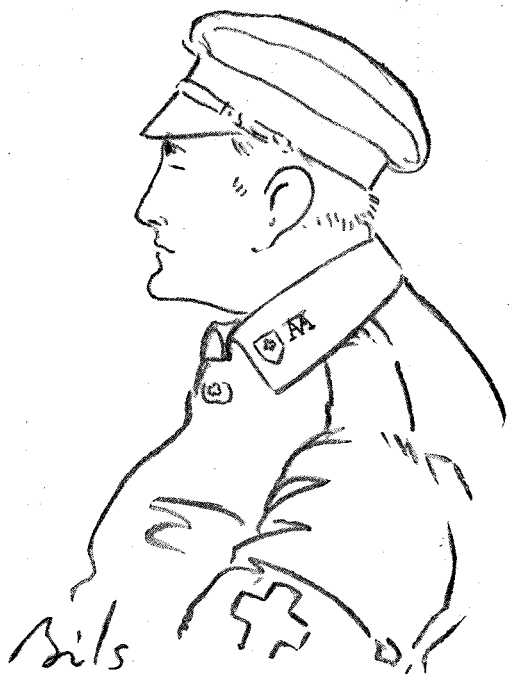
our commander sitting in his Louis XV furnished rooms, which, by the way, have an excellent trench exposure, reminds me strongly of those paintings which depict generals of 1870 disporting themselves in the splendor of a commandeered château.

From all the foregoing it must not be imagined that Section "Y" has a sinecure, or that strolling around gardens is a habit. Far from it. The regular daily service is arduous enough in itself, for one is either on duty or on call all of the time; but there are times following an attack when the men rest neither night nor day, when one gets food only in snatches, and frequently days at a time will pass when one is on such continuous service that there is never a chance to undress. Then there is the other aspect, the ever-present threat of being killed or wounded that one is under at the front, for Section "Y" works and lives in a heavily shelled area. But we will not talk of that, for it is unwise to think of such a thing when facing it. There are times, however, when one is forcibly reminded, and when it takes a great amount of will power to remain calm and perform one's duty.



AN AMERICAN AMBULANCE DRIVER

The mention of shell fire to one who has never experienced it brings to mind, in a vague sort of way, an association with danger, but that is all. To us who have seen its effects—the hideously mangled killed and wounded, the agonzied expressions and streams of fast-flowing blood, the crumbling of solid houses into clouds of smoke and dust; to us who hear the terrible tearing, snarling, deep roar of great shells as they hurtle down the air-lanes towards us to detonate with a murderous, ear-splitting crash, flinging their jagged *éclats* for a half-mile in all directions, and sometimes killing French comrades near us; to us who live and work within shell range, not knowing when we too may be annihilated or maimed for life, it seems a very real and terrible menace, and for that reason to be banished from our thoughts.

In spite of the danger, the Americans render their service with fidelity at any and all times. A French captain once remarked that, no matter how much the town was being shelled, the little field ambulances could be seen slipping down the streets, past corners, or across the square on their way to and from *postes de secours* back of the trenches. I remember one day that was especially a test of the men. The town was being shelled, and it happened that at the same time there were many calls for cars. The Germans were paying particular attention to the immediate surroundings of the headquarters, and the shells were not falling by any time-table known to us. A call came in, and the "next man" was handed his orders. He waited until a shell burst and then made a run for it. Several cars had been out on calls and were due to return. There was no way of giving them a warning. We heard the purr of a motor, and almost immediately the sing of a shell very close to us. There was an instant of anxiety, an explosion, and then we were relieved to see the car draw up in line, the driver switch off his motor and run for our entrance. He held his order card in front of him as he ran. Just as he entered another shell hit near by. It reminded me strongly of a scene in a ten-twenty-thirty martial play. All the hero needed was some fuller's earth to pat off his shoulders when he came inside. There were several entrances of this sort during the afternoon, and one shell, landing just in front of us and nearly on top of a passing motor lorry, resulted in the addition of the French driver and his aid to our little wall-protected group. It was a day when the shelling seemed to be general, for shrapnel and small 77 shells were also bursting at intervals over and in a little town one

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passes through in order to avoid a more heavily bombarded outer route on the way to the *postes de secours*. It was magnificent descending the hill from the *postes* that afternoon. To the left French 75 shells were in rapid action; and one could see the explosion of the German shells just over the crest of the long ridge where the batteries were firing. It was a clear, sparkling day, and against the vivid green of the hills, across the winding river, the little white puffs of shrapnel exploding over the road below were in perfect relief, while from the red-tiled roofs of the town, nestling in the valley below, tall columns of black smoke spurted up where the large shells struck. Little groups of soldiers, the color of whose uniforms added greatly to the picture, were crowded against the low stone walls lining the road to observe the firing; and one sensed the action and felt the real excitement of the sort of war one imagines instead of the uninteresting horror of the cave-dweller combats that are the rule in this great war.

It is difficult to take any one day's work and describe it in the attempt to give an adequate picture of the routine of the American Section, for with us all days are so different. The background or framework, the schedule of runs, the points of calling, the ordinary duties, are more or less the same; but the action and experiences, which add the color, are never alike. There are days at a stretch when the work might be called monotonous, were it not for the fact that there is a continual source of pleasure in feeling that one is being of service to France, and that one's time is being spent in relieving the suffering of her brave wounded soldiers.

Six-thirty is the time for bread and coffee, and the long table in the flag-decorated mess-room begins to fill. Mignot, our comrade orderly, is rushing to and fro placing bowls in front of those arriving, and practicing on each the few English expressions he has picked up by association with us. Two men of the section enter who look very tired. They throw their caps or fatigue hats onto a side table and call for Mignot. They have been on all-night service at M——, the hamlet where the most active *postes de secours* are located.

"Much doing last night?" asks one of the crowd at the table.

"Not much. Had only sixteen altogether."

"Anything stirring?"

"Yes; Fritz eased in a few shrapnel about five-thirty, but didn't hurt any one. You know the last house down on the right-hand side? Well, they smeared that with a shell during the night."

"By the way," continues the man in from night service, addressing himself to one across the table, "Canot, the artilleryman, was looking for you. Says he's got a ring for you made out of a *Boche* fuse-cap, and wants to know if you want a Geneva or Lorraine cross engraved on it."

The men in the section leave the room one by one to take up their various duties. There are some whose duty it is to stay in reserve, and these go out to work on their cars. Others are on bureau service, and they remain within call of the telephone. Two leave for D——, a town eight kilometers below, where their job is to evacuate from the two hospitals where the wounded have been carried down the day and night before. This town, too, suffers an occasional bombardment, and wounded are left there no longer than necessary. They are taken to a sanitary train which runs to a little village a few kilometers below, which is just beyond the limit of shell fire.

Sometimes our cars are called upon to evacuate to X——, which is a good many kilometers distant. The splendid road runs through a most charming part of the country. Just now everything is in bloom, and the gentle undulating sweep of highly cultivated fields is delineated by plots of yellow mustard-plants, mellow brown tilled earth, and countless shades of refreshing green, while near the tree-bordered road one can see stretches of waving wheat dotted with the flaming red of poppies and the delicate blue of little field flowers. On those trips it does not seem possible that war is near; but on high, sharply outlined against the deep-blue sky, is a sausage-shaped observation balloon, and looking back through a little window in the car one sees the bandaged and prostrate figures of the wounded occupants.

There are only two cars on service at M—— during the usual run of days, for unless there is an attack comparatively few wounded are brought down from the trenches to their respective regimental *postes de secours* in the village.

Down the single, long street of this town, which has been changed from a quiet coun-

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try hamlet to a military cantonment, strolls a motley collection of seasoned soldiers. The majority are uniformed in the newly adopted light bluish-gray; some few still carry the familiar baggy red trousers, black anklets, and long, dark-blue coat with conspicuous brass buttons. The sapeurs and artillerymen wear dull green and yellow splotched dusters that make them almost invisible in the woods and impart the most striking war-working appearance to them. There is the cavalryman in his light-blue tunic with pinkish trimmings, and his campaign cloth-covered helmet, from the crest of which flows a horse-tail plume. Here and there are the smartly dressed officers with their variously colored uniforms designating their branch; but their gold galloons of rank do not show conspicuously on their sleeves now, and the braid on their caps is covered. Some wear the splotched duster which hides their identity entirely, and others are dressed in serviceable thin brown uniforms which bear hardly any insignia. In front of four or five of the low masonry houses a Red Cross flag is hung. These mark the *postes de secours* where the wounded are bandaged and given to the ambulances. An American car is backed up in front of one, and the khaki-clad driver is the center of interest for a group of soldiers. Some he knows well, and he is carrying on a cheerful conversation. It is surprising what a number of French soldiers speak English; and there are hundreds who have lived in England and the States. Some are even American citizens who have returned to fight for *la belle France*, their mother country. I have met waiters from the Café Lafayette, chefs from Fifth Avenue hotels, men who worked in New York and Chicago banks, in commission houses, who own farms in the West, and some who had taken up their residence in American cities to live on their incomes. It seems very funny to be greeted

"POILUS" GATHERED AROUND AN AMERICAN AMBULANCE DRIVER

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with a "Hello there, old scout!" by French soldiers.

"Well, when did you come over?" asks the driver.

"In August. Been through the whole thing."

"Where were you in the States?"

"New York, and I am going back when it is over. Got to beat it now. So long. See you later."

A few companies of soldiers go leisurely past on their way up to the trenches, and nearly every man has something to say to the American driver. Five out of ten will point to the ambulance and cry out with questionable but certainly cheerful enough humor, "Save a place for me to-morrow!" or, "Be sure and give me a quick ride!" Others yell out greetings, or air their knowledge of English. "Hello, Charley!" heads the list in that department, and "Engleesh spoken" runs a close second. Some of the newly arrived soldiers take us for English, and "Camarade anglais" is in vogue; but with old acquaintances "Camarade américain," cried in a very sincere tone and followed by a grip of the hand, has a very warm friendship about it. Yes, you make good friends that way. Working along together in this war brings men very close. You find some delightful chaps, and then . . . well, sometimes you realize you have not seen a certain one for a week or so, and you inquire after him from a man in his company. "Where is Bosker, or Busker—I don't know how you pronounce it. You know, tall fellow with corporal's galloons who was always talking about what a good time he was going to have when he got back to Paris."

"He got killed in the attack two nights ago," replies the man you have asked. And you wonder how it happened exactly, and what he looks like dead.

Some days it is very quiet up there at the *postes de secours*—even the artillery to the rear is not firing overhead; and at other times it is rather lively. Soldiers will be sauntering up and down the long street, collecting in groups, or puttering around at some task, when suddenly there is a short, sharp, whistling sound overhead and a loud detonation as the well-timed shrapnel explodes. The aggregation does a turning movement that for unison of motion could not be excelled, and packs against the houses on the lee side of the street. There are some who do not bother about such a comparatively small thing as shrapnel, and keep to their course or occupation. I have seen men continue to sweep the street, or keep going to where they were heading, in spite of the fact that shrapnel whistled in at frequent intervals. I have also seen some of these immovable individuals crumple up and be still.

One evening the firing was so heavy that every one had sought the protection of the walls, when down the street came a most gloriously happy soldier. He was taking on up the street carrying a bottle, and at every explosion he waved his free arm and a wild yell of delight issued from his beaming face. It appeared to entertain him hugely, as if a special fireworks exhibition had been arranged on his behalf. It always seems to be that way. A sober man would have been killed on the spot.

With shells it is a very different story than with shrapnel. One can avoid the latter by backing up against a house, but the shells are apt to push it over on you. When the deeper, heavier whistle of a shell is heard, it sounds a good deal like tearing a big sheet of cloth. Men do not brave it. They know its hideous effects, and take to the nearest cellar or doorway. The first one or two that come in, if well placed, often claim victims. A group of soldiers will be talking or playing cards in front of a house. There is a swish; the shell hits the hard road in front of them, and the jagged *éclats* rip into the little crowd, sometimes killing three or four of them. The soldiers who find themselves at a greater distance have time to throw themselves flat on the ground, and it is seldom that the singing fragments do not pass well overhead.

It is quite remarkable that none of the Americans have as yet been hurt at X——, for the evacuation of the wounded goes on regardless of the shelling. Often the escapes have been very close. Just yesterday ten big shells came in, killed six men and wounded forty others, and yet our two cars on duty there escaped without being hit. One day, following an attack, the firing was rather frequent. Nearly all of the ambulances were lined up in the village waiting for the wounded to be brought down. Our commander was talking to one of his drivers when a shell exploded on the other side of a wall behind him. He walked down the street to give instructions to another man. A shell hit the roof of a house there and covered the two with débris. He started to return, and as he passed a certain house a shell went

(Continued on page following illustrations)

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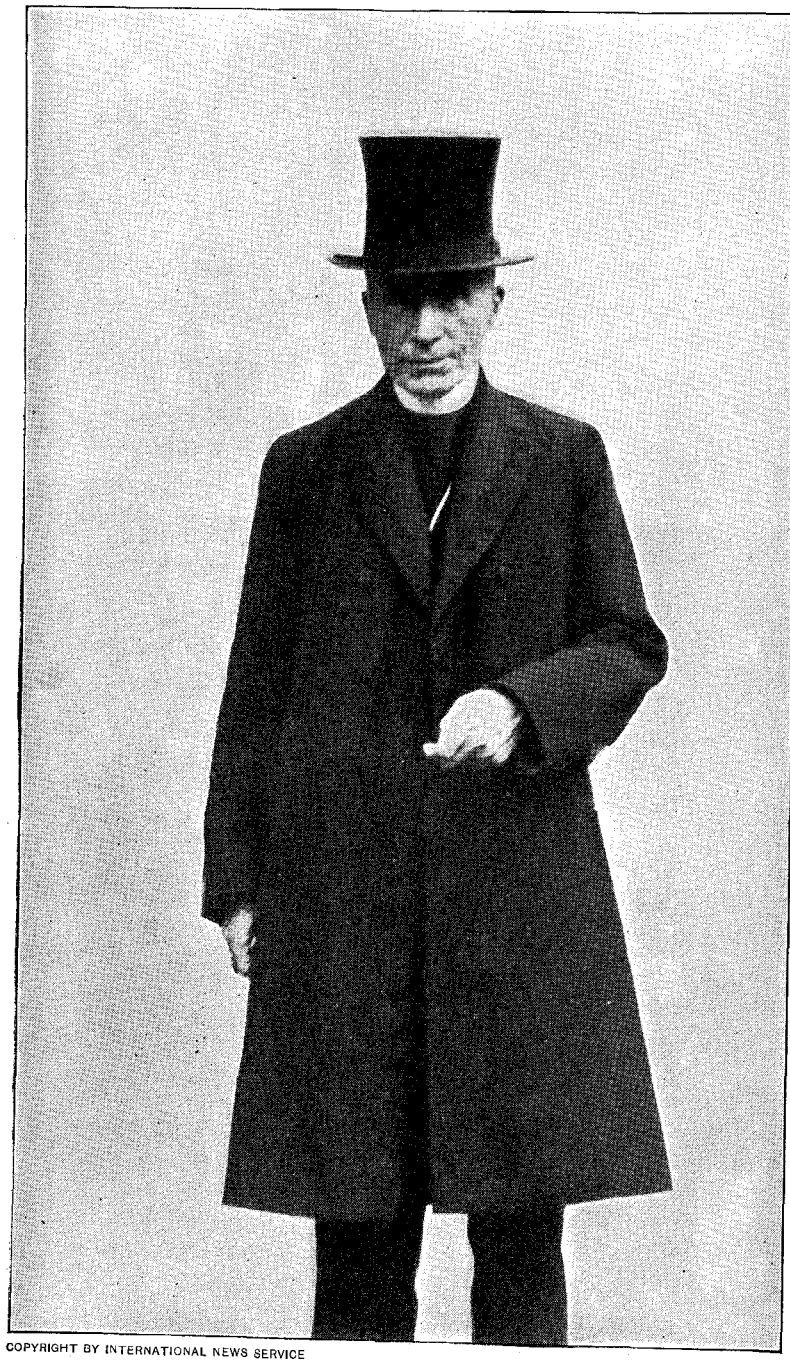
Current Events Pictorially Treated



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CARDINAL GIBBONS IN WASHINGTON AS A PEACEMAKER

Cardinal Gibbons has presented to President Wilson a communication from Pope Benedict XV generally supposed to invite and urge our Government to co-operate with the Vatican and the neutral nations to bring about peace in Europe. This picture was taken as the Cardinal was leaving the White House after his interview with the President

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ROBERT A. GARDNER, OF CHICAGO

At Detroit Gardner won the amateur golf championship of the United States for the second time. He first won the championship in 1909

THE WINNERS IN THE GOLF AND

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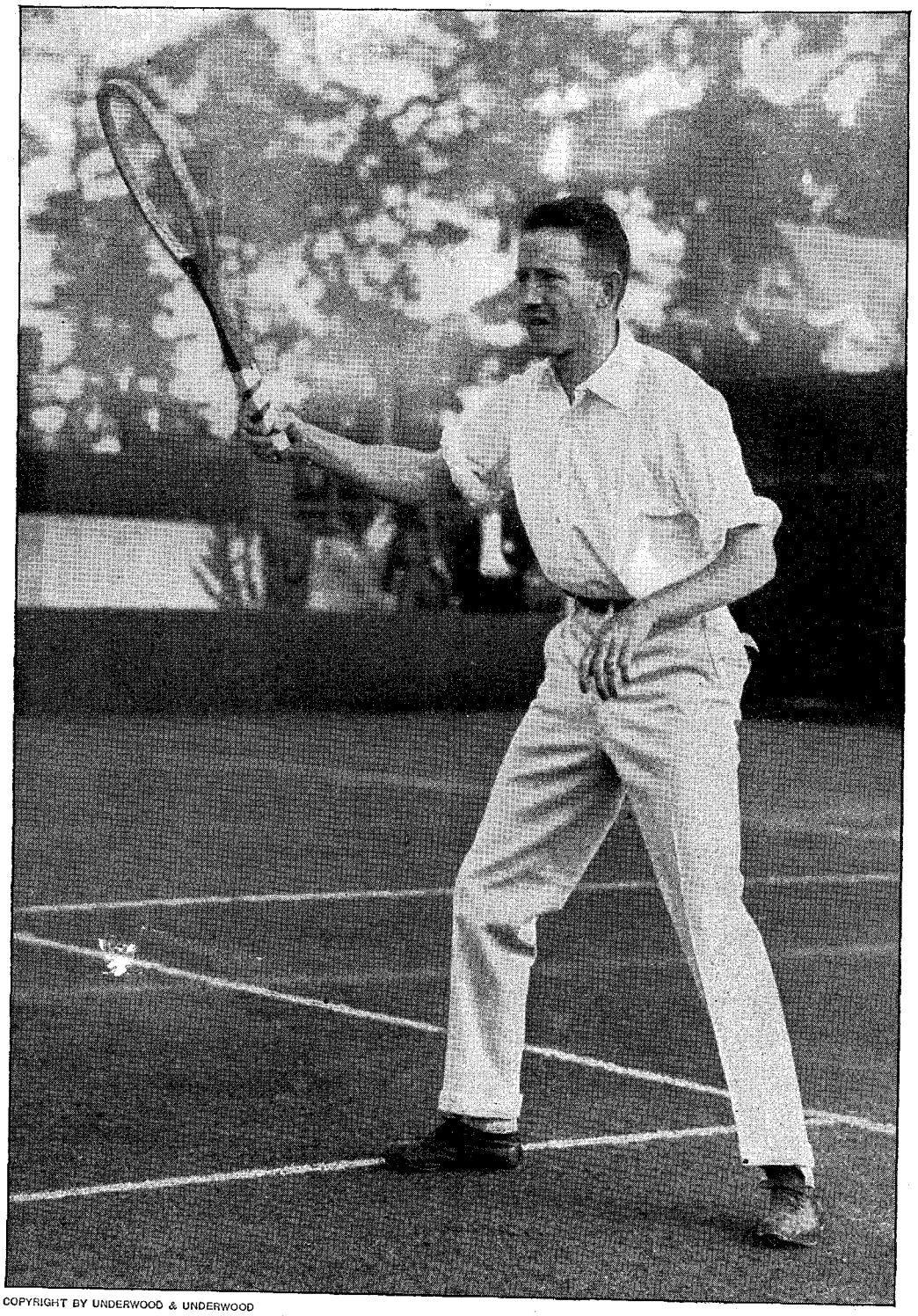

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WILLIAM M. JOHNSTON, OF SAN FRANCISCO

At Forest Hills, Long Island, Johnston won the National lawn tennis championship by defeating Maurice E. McLoughlin in a sensational contest

LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP CONTESTS

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SING SING PRISONERS' WELCOME TO WARDEN OSBORNE

When Warden Osborne returned to Sing Sing Prison after a short absence recently, he was most enthusiastically greeted by the convicts whose hard conditions he has alleviated. The annoyances to which the Warden has been subjected by opponents of his humanizing measures undoubtedly increased the warmth of his beneficiaries' welcome. The Warden is seen in the middle distance to the right; the gloomy pile in the background is Sing Sing Prison; the picture is taken in the prison yard

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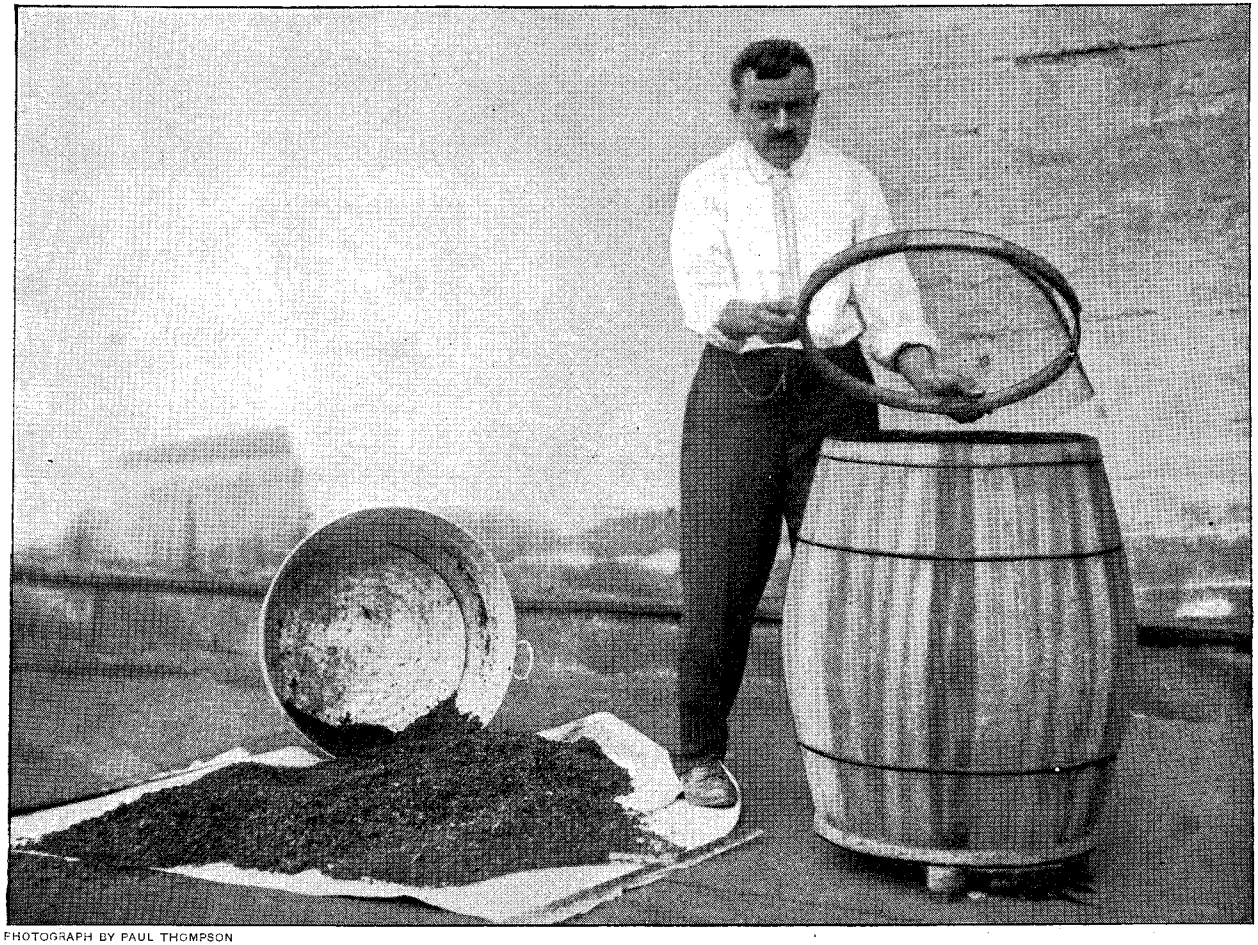

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

AN INGENIOUS TRAP THAT SAVES THE TROUBLE OF "SWATTING" THE FLY

The black mass seen in the picture consists of forty-seven pounds of flies! They were caught in six days in this "sugar barrel fly trap." To make one like this get a barrel and knock out both top and bottom. Then take a piece of wire netting and shape it into a cone 18 inches high, the diameter of its base to be the same as that of the bottom of the barrel, leaving a one-inch space at its apex; fasten this securely to the bottom edge of the barrel. Over the top of the barrel put a flat piece of netting, so fastened that it can be easily removed when the flies are to be taken out. Next raise the barrel two inches from the ground by means of legs fastened to it. Now put some enticing bait of non-sticky ingredients in a pie-pan and slip underneath the barrel. The flies come, eat their fill, and, attracted by the light overhead, fly up into the cone and work their way through the small opening into the barrel. To kill the flies, turn the barrel on its head and pour scalding water over them

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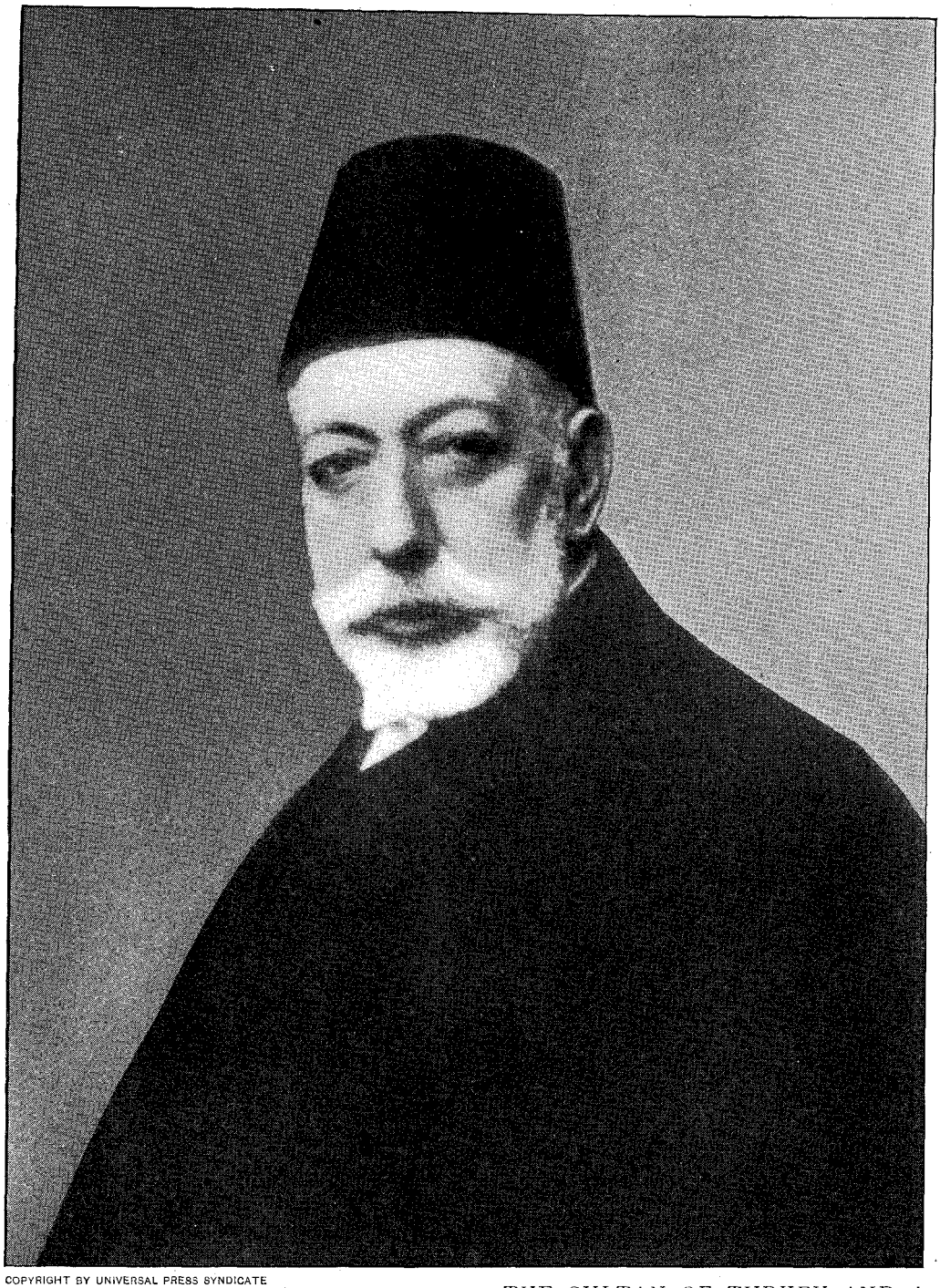

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THE SULTAN OF TURKEY AND A

Mohammed V, Sultan of Turkey, was born in 1844 and became Sultan in 1909, at the age of 64. Now, in his 71st year, he faces the loss of his throne and his capital if the Allies succeed in taking the Dardanelles forts which they are besieging. The photograph, it is announced, is from a hitherto unpublished picture

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SCENE IN HIS SPLENDID CAPITAL

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The Galata Bridge, shown in the picture, was recently attacked by a British submarine, according to newspaper despatches, and partly destroyed. This bridge crosses the Golden Horn, connecting Galata with Constantinople proper, and has been called a "highway of all nations"

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REPRODUCED FROM "J'AI VU," OF PARIS

A DARING ATTACK ON HOHNECK BY THE "ALPINS"

The difficulties which meet the French in their endeavors to retake Alsace from the Germans are indicated in the above picture. Hohneck, or Hoheneck, is described as one of the highest peaks in the Vosges Mountains, on the frontier between France and Germany. "The photograph," says the French account of the assault, "taken at the moment of this audacious ascent by our 'diables bleus,' gives only a feeble idea of the courage called for in this 'impossible' enterprise—but the word 'impossible' is unknown to the Alpins." The Alpins, it is stated, have been nicknamed "diables bleus" (blue devils) by the Germans, in allusion to their uniforms and to their daring exploits

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right into it. They seemed to be following him. It frequently happens that an ambulance will be running down the street and a shell hit a house just behind or in front of its course. Once or twice one's breath has stopped when a car is enveloped in the clouds of dust and débris coming from a shell-hit house, and started again when from the haze the driver emerges dirty but smiling. Of course the cars have been hit. A shell tore off the front top of one ten inches from the driver's head, but as yet no member of the American Section has been hurt.

A kilometer up the climbing, winding road is a lone *poste de secours* in the woods just off the highway. The approach and the place itself are often shelled. There have been times when the drivers have been under a seriously heavy fire on night duty; times when trees have been shattered and fallen across the road and huge craters made in the soft earth of the adjacent fields. A kilometer beyond is still another point of calls, and from there one can look directly into one of the most fought-over sections of ground in the long line from the sea to Belfort. It is a bit of land that before the war was covered with a magnificent forest. Now it is a wilderness whose desolation is beyond description. It is a section of murdered nature. The black, shattered things sticking up out of a sea of mounds were at one time great trees. There are no branches on the split trunks now. No green can be seen anywhere. Where the trenches ran there are but series of indentations, jumbles of splintered trench timbers, broken guns, rusty fragments of shells, strips of uniforms and caps, shoes with a putrid, maggot-eaten mass inside. It does not seem possible that life could ever have been there. It looks as if it had always been dead. What testimony to human habitation remains is but mute and buried wreckage.

This last *poste de secours* is in the very line of fire, but then there are bomb-proofs near by and one can find shelter. One must be careful running up to this *poste*, for new and very deep holes are continually being blown in the road and there is danger of wrecking the cars.

Section "Y" has performed its duties so well that the work of an adjacent division has been given to it, and in a few days now the little cars will roll past the last-mentioned *poste de secours* over to the exposed plain beyond and into the zone of its newly acquired activities.

The American cars literally infest the roads in the day. They buzz along on calls to the *postes*, return from evacuations, and keep so busy trying to accelerate the work that a casual observer might imagine that a whole division had been annihilated overnight. A car with three stretcher cases in the back, a slightly wounded soldier sitting on the seat next to the driver, and a load of knapsacks piled between the hood and the fenders, starts down from the *poste de secours*, spins on through a village full of resting troops, and turns onto the highway leading to the evacuation hospitals at the town eight kilometers below. At first the holes in the walls and houses along the way, and the craters in the fields where the *marmites* had struck, made one continually conscious of the possibility of a shell. Now one does not think about it, save to note the new holes, observe that older ones have been cemented up, and to hope that an *éclat* won't hit you at those exceedingly rare times when a shell bursts ahead or behind. The closest call so far on that stretch of road was when a 210 hit eleven feet to the side of one of our cars, but failed to explode. Of course there is a chance that even at that distance the *éclat* might take a peculiar course and miss one; but the chances are that if that shell had gone off one of our men would have been minus several necessary portions of his anatomy.

The work at night is quite eerie, and on moonless nights quite difficult. No lights are allowed, and the inky black way ahead seems packed with a discordant jumble of sounds as the never-ending artillery and *ravitaillement* trains rattle along. One creeps past convoy after convoy, past sentinels who cry, "*Halte là!*" and then whisper an apologetic "*Passez*" when they make out the ambulance; and it is only in the dazzling light of the illuminating rockets that shoot into the air and sink slowly over the trenches that one can see to proceed with any speed.

It is at night, too, that our hardest work comes, for that is usually the time when attacks and counter-attacks are made and great numbers of men are wounded. Sometimes all twenty of the section cars will be in service. It is then that one sees the most frightfully wounded; the men with legs and arms shot away, mangled faces, and hideous body wounds. It is a time when men die in the ambulances before they reach the hospi-

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tals, and I believe nearly every driver in the section has had at least one distressing experience of that sort.

Early one morning there was an urgent call for a single wounded. The man's comrades gathered around the little car to bid their friend good-by. He was terribly wounded and going fast. "See," said one of them to the man on the stretcher, "you are going in an American car. You will have a good trip, old fellow, and get well soon. Good-by and good luck!" They forced a certain cheerfulness, but their voices were low and dry, for they saw death creeping into the face of their comrade. The driver took his seat and was starting when he was asked to wait. "Something for him," they said. When the car arrived at the hospital, the man was dead. He was cold and must have died at the start of the trip. The driver regretted the delay in leaving. Why had they asked him to wait? Then he saw that the ambulance was covered with sprigs of lilac and little yellow field flowers. The men knew the car would serve as a hearse.

Once an American ambulance was really pressed into service as a hearse in a very touching funeral. A young lieutenant, the son of a prominent and influential official, had been killed in a gallant action. The family had been granted permission to enter the lines and attend the funeral. The young officer, who but a few days before his death had won his commission, was held in the deepest affection by his company, and they arranged that, as something very special, he should have a hearse. A car from Section "Y" was offered, and went to the church in the hamlet back of the trenches. The soldiers literally covered the ambulance with flowers and branches, and then stood waiting with the great wreaths they had bought in their hands. The little group emerged from the partly wrecked church, and the flag-covered coffin was slid into the car. The cortège, headed by a white-robed priest and two censer boys, wound slowly down the tortuous path that the troops follow on their way to the trenches.

The mother was supported by the father, a venerable soldier of 1870, who limped haltingly on his wooden leg. Back of the two came the lieutenant's sister, a beautiful girl just entering her twenties. The captain of the company was at her side, then followed other officers, and the silent, trench-worn soldiers behind. The funeral halted on the hillside near a grave dug beneath the branches of a budding apple tree. The coffin was pulled from the ambulance and lowered into the grave. And the mother knelt at the side, sobbing. The old father, who struggled to suppress his emotion, began a little oration. His voice trembled, and when at intervals he tried to say, "*Vive la France!*" it broke and great tears ran down his face. The soldiers, too, were crying, and the American's eyes were damp. Behind, a battery of 75's was firing—for on no account must the grim details of the war be halted—and at every deafening shot and swish of the shell tearing overhead the girl shivered, huddled close to the captain, and looked in a frightened way at the soldiers around her. In her small, thin shoes and black wavy dress she seemed strangely out of place in those military surroundings.

The Americans have a faculty of adapting themselves to any service they may be called upon to perform, and many times they undertake various missions on their own initiative that are not in exact accord with their military duties. They very often transport dead civilians after a bombardment. Though nearly every one takes to the caves when a bombardment starts, the first shells that come in frequently kill a number of people who have not had time to get to shelter. In the past few weeks nearly all the civilians have left the dangerous town, and it is seldom now that soldiers and the residents—men, women, and children—are found mixed up in pitiful dead groups.

During one bombardment, some time ago, however, a considerable number of women and children were killed.

A couple of the American ambulances were on the spot immediately after, and the men were silently going about their sad work. The little children who cry out to us as we pass were gathered around holding to their mothers' trembling hands. They said, "Américain," when they saw the khaki uniforms, but their tone was hushed and sad instead of loud and joyous, and had a surprised note, as if they had not expected to see the Americans at such a task.

In one place a large crowd of people had gathered around an ambulance in front of a baker's shop. In the upper part of the building was a great irregular hole that included a portion of the roof, and inside the freshly exposed stone rims the interior of a room with shattered furniture could be seen.

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Below the huge rent on the gray face of the building was the fan-shaped design made by the shell's *éclats*. On the sidewalk were the bodies of two women and a soldier. A vivid red pool had formed around them and was flowing into the gutter. For some reason the gray dust covering the motionless black dresses of the women seemed to make the picture very much more terrible. The face of one of the women had been torn away, but her hair and one eye, which had a look of wild fear glazed in it, remained. As the stretcher the woman had been placed on was carried to the car a yellow comb fell out of her bloody hair and dropped on the white-shoed foot of a young girl standing near. The child pulled up her skirts with a disgusted look and kicked the comb off into the street.

It took the Americans a long time to learn the value of prudence. At first during the bombardments they would rush to the street as soon as a shell landed and look to see what damage had been done. Then, when some *éclats* had sizzed uncomfortably close to their persons, they became a little more discreet and waited a while before venturing out. Ten days ago, during a bombardment with the large 210 shells, a few of the Americans were gathered at the entrance to the courtyard of our headquarters to observe the shells hitting in town. It was all very well until quite unexpectedly one hit the eaves of the building at a point about thirty yards from the group and carried away with its explosion about twenty feet of that part of the structure and roof. Fortunately, the *éclat* took a high course, but great building stones crashed down and blocked the roadway. The Americans were unharmed save for a thick coating of mortar dust, but that experience has discounted the popularity of orchestra seats during an exhibition where shells larger than 77's appear.

One of the men was twenty-five yards from a 210 high-explosive projectile when it carved a great crater in the ground and killed two French Red Cross men near him, and he, for one, has no overpowering desire, after that murderous, crushing, breath-taking explosion, for any intimate personal research work into the effects of other large-caliber shells.

Even now the members of Section "Y" have much to learn. They still persist in remaining in their chairs in the exposed garden when aeroplanes are being fired at directly overhead, when balls of shrapnel have repeatedly dropped into the flower-beds, and when one man was narrowly missed by a long, razor-edged fragment of a shrapnel shell. And this has not even the excuse of a desire to observe—for the novelty of these performances has long since passed—and one hardly ever glances upward. They won't even move for a German Taube, though it might at any minute drop a bomb or two. As a matter of fact, however, explosives dropped from German machines are comparatively harmless.

When a certain great stone structure on the water's edge is being shelled, the men off duty adjourn to the shore for the entertainment. They know the various schedules the shells run on, and time their arrival. The German guns firing them are so far off that the report cannot be heard. There is a deep, bass, tearing roar, closely followed by another, for they come in pairs, and then two huge columns of water hurtle into the air for a hundred feet, accompanied by two heavy detonations. The bleacher-occupying Americans—they have installed a bench to sit on—then jump up and scurry for a wall which affords protection against the *éclats* that sing back from the shells. In a second there is a rush for the hot chunks of metal, while the natives emerge from their shelters to gather up the fish that have been killed by the terrific concussion—and fish "*à la bombardement*" is served to us the next day!

For some reason or other the German prisoners—and the Lord knows there are enough of them these days—still remain a subject of humorous interest to the Americans, while the *Boches*, as the Germans are called, stare at us in wild-eyed amazement, flavored with considerable venom, thinking us British and wondering how we got so far down the line. When a crowd of prisoners is marched into M——, one can always count on seeing a couple of Americans studying the aggregation as if they were some strange animals from an unknown land; and when the ambulances pass on the road, and one driver has German wounded in his car, he is sure to call out the inventory to his friend. Often a slightly wounded German will be sitting in front next to the driver, and as one passes the car one sees frantic pointing motions and hears a shout of, "Look at the bird I have!" or something to the same effect that's typically and distressingly American.

No matter how long the war lasts, I do not believe that the members of Section "Y" will lose any of their native ways, attitudes, or tastes. They will remain just as American

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as ever. Why, they still fight for a can of American tobacco or a box of cigarettes that comes from the States, when such a rare and appreciated article does turn up, and papers and magazines from home are sure to go the rounds, finding themselves at length in the hands of English-reading soldiers in the trenches. I never could understand the intense grip that the game of baseball seems to possess, but it holds to some members of the section with a cruel pertinacity. One very dark night, a few days ago, two of us were waiting at an advanced *poste de secours*. The rifle and artillery fire was constant, illuminating rockets shot into the air, and now and then one could distinguish the heavy dull roar of a "mine" or "torpille" detonating in the trenches. War in all its engrossing detail was very close. Suddenly my friend turned to me and, with a sigh, remarked: "Gee! I wish I knew how the 'Red Sox' were making out!"

Well, there may be more interesting things in the future to write of the Americans serving at the front, and, again, their work may become dull. But it makes no difference to the section. The men will do what is asked and gladly, for there is no work more worth while than helping in some way, no matter what, this noblest of all causes. One does not look for thanks—there is a reward enough in the satisfaction the work gives; but the French do not let it stop at that. The men from the trenches are surprised that we have voluntarily undertaken such a hazardous occupation, and express their appreciation and gratitude with almost embarrassing frequency. "You render a great service," say the officers, and those of highest rank call to render thanks in the name of France. It is good to feel that one's endeavors are appreciated, and encouraging to hear the words of praise; but when, at the end of an evacuation, one draws a stretcher from the car, and the poor wounded man lying upon it, who has never allowed a groan to escape during a ride that must have been painful, with an effort holds out his hand, grasps yours, and, forcing a smile, murmurs, "Merci"—that is what urges you to hurry back for other wounded, to be glad that there is a risk to one's self in helping them, and to feel grateful that you have the opportunity to serve the brave French people in their sublime struggle.

A JAPANESE NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT

BY GEORGE KENNAN

IN the Japanese prefecture of Izu, about forty miles southwest of Yokohama, there is a seaside resort known to the Japanese and to a few foreigners as Atami. It is a large village or small town situated on a shallow curve of Sugami Bay, and has a backing of high steep hills which separate it from Lake Hakone and afford almost perfect shelter from the northwesterly winds. For this or some other topographical reason it has a milder climate in winter than Yokohama or Tokyo, and many Japanese, as well as some foreigners, go there to spend a few weeks in winter or early spring, when the weather in eastern Japan is apt to be cold and damp. The place is reached from Odowara by what is known as the "coolie tram"—a miniature narrow-gauge railway on which cars about as big as an average dry-goods box are pushed along by athletic Japanese peasants. The road runs everywhere in sweeping curves around the slopes of the coastal hills, and the speed attained by the Lilliputian cars on the down grades is great enough to give a thrill of excitement, if not of apprehension, to any one except the driver of a racing automobile.

Atami, when one gets there, suggests a large fishing village on the Italian Riviera. The air feels soft and warm, even in winter; while the steep, mountainous hills which encircle the shallow bay, and the clear, blue water, dotted here and there with motionless fishing-boats, remind one constantly of the French or Italian coast of the Mediterranean.

It was in Atami that I had the Japanese night's entertainment which I purpose to describe. I had been strolling about the village and climbing the hills from morning to night, and had practically exhausted all the guide-book "sights" there were, from the hot geyser that erupts every four hours to

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the magnificent view at the summit of "Ten-Province Pass." As the warm sub-tropical evening came on I found myself without occupation or diversion, and, going to the proprietor of my Japanese hotel, I inquired: "Isn't there something doing somewhere to-night—juggling or singing or dancing or something of that kind?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, with a hissing intake of breath. "There's an entertainment every night in the people's hall" (he didn't call it that, but that's what I understood it to be); "I don't know what it is to-night, but there's something."

"Take me to it," I said.

"But it's not an honorable entertainment for honorable gentlemen like you," he objected. "It's mostly for the common people—fishermen and coolies and such."

"So much the better," I said. "I'm not a 'high nobility.' I work for a living myself. Anything that interests a fisherman is sure to interest me. I fish too when I am at home."

The hotel-keeper looked surprised; but without further demur he called a boy and sent him with me to the hall.

I don't know whether in Japanese people's halls generally the entrance is beside the stage or not; but it was in this case, and when I went in, I found myself facing a dense throng of perhaps three hundred Japanese men and women all sitting on their heels, packed closely together, on the floor. They seemed half paralyzed with astonishment at the sudden appearance in the middle of the performance of a queerly dressed foreigner; but they instantly recovered their naturally quick wits, and three or four men, rising in what would be the front parquet of an American theater, motioned me to come there. The intervening people cleared a way for me politely, and in a moment more I was sitting with crossed legs on the floor, about twenty feet back from the stage, in a huddle of Japanese peasants. Most of them were unmistakably poor people—fishermen or day laborers with their wives and older children; but all were respectful and courteous, and there was no whispering or tittering as I awkwardly took my seat on the floor.

As soon as the slight rustle that accompanied my entrance had subsided, I looked at the stage to see what sort of an entertainment was in progress. I half expected to see a juggler or a couple of wrestlers; but what I did see was a middle-aged Japanese sitting on his heels on the floor. He was dressed in a plain black kimono; his black hair was cut short; his hands were clasped in his lap; and his strong, smooth-shaven face was immobile, expressionless, inscrutable. He looked at me for a moment in silence, and then, in a low, even monotone began to talk, exactly as if he were addressing me. I could imagine that he was courteously rebuking me for disturbing the audience by my late arrival. I felt greatly embarrassed for a moment, but nobody smiled or looked in my direction, and I gradually recovered confidence. He was evidently talking to the people, and without reference to me. But such quiet, even, expressionless public speaking I had never heard. His hands remained clasped in his lap; his voice never varied from a flat monotone; and his face was as devoid of expression as the back side of a tombstone. He spoke like an automaton or a man in a trance. I could not imagine an audience that would be moved by so dry and expressionless a recital; but it soon became apparent that this audience *was* moved. A faint snicker behind me caused me to turn my head, and looking backward I discovered, to my surprise, that on hundreds of interested faces there was a broad grin. Here and there the grins began to explode in laughter; the merriment became contagious; and in two or three minutes I was laughing myself in mere sympathy with three hundred mirth-convulsed people. There was nothing funny that I could understand, but in that gale of hilarity I was simply carried away. Through it all the talking sphinx on the stage showed no interest, no animation, no sympathy. His voice was the same low, monotonous drone, and only the utterance and the attentive eyes roving hither and yon showed that he was alive.

Finally the gale of laughter subsided. There were sporadic snorts now and then from people whose appreciation of the ludicrous came a little late, but even these soon ceased, and the whole audience became quiet. Gradually the quiet deepened into stillness. Then the stillness became more profound. Finally there was absolutely no sound except the unchanged speech of the man on the stage. Nobody moved, nobody seemed to breathe; and I felt sure that if the talker should for a moment stop talking I could hear my heart beat, or, as the Russians say,

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"hear a fly cough." It was uncanny; it was almost painful; and looking around at last to see what it could possibly mean, my attention was instantly attracted to a woman who sat about ten feet back of me on my right. She was an elderly peasant woman, sixty or seventy years of age. Her face bore an expression of immeasurable grief, and down her withered cheeks ran big tears, of which she was evidently unconscious. She did not try to wipe them away, and one by one they dripped off her chin into her lap. She was not looking at the talker, and I doubted whether she could see anything through her tear-blurred eyes, even if she did look. Her grief-stricken face gave me a sort of thrill—almost a shock—and I looked from her to the others to see what they were doing. Most of the women and many of the men were weeping silently, and all looked as if they were bidding a last good-by to their nearest of kin on the brink of an open grave. And through it all ran the monotonous, expressionless, absolutely unchanged speech of the man on the stage. The contrast between his cold, quiet, unimpassioned talk and the feelings that it aroused seemed to me one of the most extraordinary things I have ever witnessed.

Gradually the almost insupportable tension was relaxed. The people began to breathe; some of them sighed deeply; the old peasant woman wiped away her tears with a blue-stamped cotton towel; men cleared their throats and changed their positions; and the faces that I could see when I turned around seemed to have resumed their normal expression.

By this time my attention was about equally divided between the talker on the stage and the people to whom he talked. In the former there was no perceptible change; but to the latter there seemed to come an access of cheerfulness. The old peasant woman looked up with pleasurable expectancy; some of the girls began to smile; the men showed amusement; and the barometer of popular feeling went up to "fair." Gradually the smiles deepened into grins; the grins turned to audible laughter; the laughter increased in volume; and three or four minutes later that whole audience was fairly rocking to and fro in an ecstasy of merriment. Again I laughed from sympathy, and again the old peasant woman wiped away her tears; but I had nothing to laugh at, while the old woman cried with appreciation of fun that she perfectly understood.

An hour later I walked out of the crowded hall into the deserted, dimly lighted streets of Atami. I had heard at last a Japanese story-teller. Do you ask what his stories were? I don't know. I laughed, I almost cried, and I had a good time; but what it was all about I haven't the faintest idea.

The Japanese stories recently published in The Outlook recalled to my mind this long-past experience; and there are two features of it that seem to me to deserve appreciative comment. First, the art of the story-teller.

Our actors and reciters think that they cannot produce emotional effects without employing facial expression, vocal modulation, and appropriate gestures. They would say that a speaker who should wear a mask and talk constantly in a monotone could not expect to move an audience. And yet that is exactly what the Japanese story-teller did. Indeed, he seemed to pride himself on his ability to evoke tears or laughter by sheer skill of narration. Without mimicry, facial expression, or suggestive gestures, he played upon the emotions of that audience as a violinist plays on a violin; and through the audience he even played upon the emotions of an uncomprehending foreigner. I have always thought that he must have been an exceptionally gifted narrator; but I don't know. He was the only professional story-teller I heard during my stay in Japan.

Second, the audience.

When I witnessed this performance, I had just come to the conclusion that the Japanese as a race are undemonstrative; that they do not express their emotions, but keep them in cold storage. My mistake shows how unsafe it is to draw general conclusions about an alien race, even from a good many observed instances. The Japanese gentlemen—the *samurai*—*are* generally reserved and undemonstrative, and seldom give free expression to their deeper feelings; but this cannot be said of the Japanese common people when they are by themselves. A more emotional, excitable, demonstrative body of men and women than that audience at Atami I have never seen. It let itself go with perfect abandon, and gave free expression to every feeling that it had. And it had feelings a-plenty!

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ARE YOU A COURTEOUS CUSTOMER?

BY A VASSAR GRADUATE[1]

I HAD just finished my shopping when I saw my friend the Silk Buyer—a Silk Buyer in a large department store. She is the kind you read about. On this day she was standing in the department, a frown on her face, as she looked after a customer who was going down the aisle.

"I wish I could write," she said when she saw me.

"What would you write about?" I asked.

"I'd write about shoppers," she said. "The way women shop. We do all we can to get fine merchandise, we train our girls to be courteous and to know their goods so that they can give intelligent service, and then some women come in here that—"

The Buyer paused. I waited. Then she went on:

"Why, take that woman who just went out. The floor manager called me out because he thought I could help. The woman wanted some silk, and she kept saying, 'I don't know how much I want,' until the salesman finally said that if he might ask what she wanted the silk for perhaps he could help her. With that the woman said, 'Indeed, you may not ask!' It was a flowered dress silk, and the poor salesman—"

"What did the man do?" I asked.

"Why, he sold the silk, and then the woman wanted it sent to her dressmaker's and charged to herself. You know, when they do that we always have the floor manager identify the purchaser. That's to protect our customers."

"I should think they'd see that," I said.

"See it!" said the Buyer, wearily; "not a day goes by but some one is deeply 'insulted' by our efforts to protect her. Why, take that woman; the floor manager asked her if she had a shopping coin with her. She said she had, but she wasn't going to show it to him! And the story she told me when I came out was that the salesman had insulted her, and then called another man so that he could insult her too! I calmed her, but it took more energy than a sale day."

This was something I hadn't thought of before—courteous shopping. I wanted to hear more, so I said, "I suppose you do meet some queer shoppers."

The Buyer smiled.

"Queer is mild," she said. "I wish a lot of them could have been together the other day when all the buyers in the store had a little social meeting. They'd have seen themselves as others see them then. I don't know how we happened to get onto the subject of shoppers, but we did, and then everybody began to talk at once. One of the men suggested that we each take a turn and tell about the hardest kind of a customer we have to deal with."

This was just what I wanted.

"Won't you tell me?" I asked. "Perhaps I could write it up."

The Buyer looked at me for a minute.

"Will you, if I tell you?" she asked, and led me to her private office. Then I got a pencil and we were ready to begin.

"The Shoe Buyer spoke first," began my friend. "He said his girls have the time of their lives getting people to buy shoes that are large enough for them. Why, fat women come in and want number three, double A, or something as ridiculous, and then the girl's between two fires. If she gives the woman a size larger than the one she asked for, the woman won't like it. If she gives her the size she wants, she'll be back in a week to have it credited and she'll say it's a poorly made shoe. Why, that buyer says he has such cases every day."

"Why," I interrupted, "doesn't he have shoes that aren't marked?"

The Buyer smiled—a queer little smile.

"Perhaps, my dear, he does," she said. "Then there was the Cotton Goods Buyer. He didn't care for 'sample fiends,' as he says his girls call them. They are the people who go around from store to store getting samples, samples, samples. Sometimes they want fifteen or twenty, and while a girl is getting them she may lose a ten-dollar sale. The worst part of it is that only about one in a dozen of these 'sample fiends' ever comes back to buy.

"Then there is another kind of 'sampler.' The candy man doesn't care for her. She eats a piece of nearly every kind of

[1] The article entitled "After Vassar, What?" in The Outlook for June 15 last, is by the writer of the present article.—THE EDITORS.

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candy he has on top of the counter and then threatens to go to the superintendent because they won't sell her five cents' worth of dollar-a-pound candy."

"I wouldn't like her, either," I said, softly, as I made notes on the candy man. But the Buyer hurried on; it seemed that this was a favorite subject.

"Our Book Buyer doesn't like the people who have books sent home, read them, and then send them back. They seem to think the store is a circulating library.

"The Gown Buyer wished that customers wouldn't have her gowns sent home just to be copied by the two-dollar-a-day dressmaker, or coats to be worn to the theater that night, or something else like that."

"Can't you make them keep the things in such a case?" I asked.

"Sometimes," said the Buyer. "But we treat them better than they treat us. The Knitted Underwear Buyer said she really didn't object so to women who are bargain-hunters if only they wouldn't stretch the underwear. She says one woman gets hold of one leg and another of the other leg, and then they pull. By the time the salesgirl has refereed it the garment is probably stretched!

"I said I didn't like the women who always want to be waited on first, no matter how many people were there before them. And I also mentioned the woman who doesn't tell exactly what she wants and then gets provoked when the clerk tries to find out. Why, some women never tell what size stocking they want, for instance, or about what price they will pay—not even when their minds are all made up beforehand. Then the poor clerk walks to and from the shelf, bringing things of the wrong size, or the customer feels insulted because she is shown 'cheap' merchandise. It would be just as easy for her to tell what price she is willing to pay when she has evidently decided before coming to the department.

"You'd hardly believe this story, but it happened. A woman came in and asked for some net. The clerk asked her what kind of net she wished—our nets are separated in the department. She said, 'Young lady, I didn't come here to be asked impertinent questions. When I want to tell you anything, I will.' She was so highly insulted that she reported the salesgirl. 'And, what's more,' she said, 'the girl next to her snickered!' That's one kind of a customer I don't like—the kind who know what they want but won't tell you."

"Your girls must be diplomats," I said.

"They have to be," answered the Buyer. "But who do you suppose the head of the elevator men objected to? The people who don't how to use an elevator."

"Who don't know how to use an elevator!"

"Yes—they crowd in, then block the door when people behind want to get out. They don't pay any attention to the floors, and get indignant when the operator carries them by. How can he help it? They don't tell him where they want to go. The man who is in charge of the elevators says it's a big art to know how to use one, and I guess it is.

"We had to laugh when it came to the Leather Goods Buyer. She said hers was one word of seven letters and we could all guess. We did, too. It was credits. So many people have charge accounts in several stores and then have things sent out from all just to compare them. They don't think of the cost of delivery, of bookkeeping, of service; then they wonder why we don't sell things at cost!

"That reminds me of what the delivery man said. 'Save me,' he said, 'from the women who ask us to call for things and then aren't at home when they said they'd be, or who tell us to be *sure* to deliver something at a certain time, and then they go away and we can't leave the merchandise. The next day the house is sure to get a message telling what a poor delivery department we have.'"

A call from the department took the Buyer out of the office for a few minutes. When she came back, I had a question.

"What would you call a courteous shopper?" I asked.

"Well," said the Buyer, "there are really lots of them, and it's so easy to be one. In the first place, a good shopper has her shopping all planned—sizes, amounts, and all, as nearly as she can tell. Five minutes with the store directory saves her lots of steps. She finds out where she wants to go before she goes to the wrong place. All our good customers seem to know the store so well. They have their shopping coins for identification and their printed address books—you know, little slips to paste on the schedule so they won't have to wait for the salesgirl to write it all out. They take a transfer if they are going to buy several things, and have everything sent together.

"Then a nice customer always keeps her temper. If her change is delayed or the

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floor manager wants identification, she'll be reasonable, because she knows it's part of the system to protect her.

"I think it's courtesy for a shopper to shop early in the day, and not come running in at the last minute for something unless she has to. We hear a lot about employers keeping the girls overtime, but did you ever hear about customers keeping girls after closing? Well, they do.

"Then our courteous customer makes friends of the salesgirls. Do you know, if I had much shopping to do, I'd rather have friends behind the counter than anywhere—they'd help me more. They can watch the new merchandise for you, and let you know when something comes in that you'll like. You get a clever salesgirl and she enjoys keeping track of things for her regular customers. Here is just an instance. We have a customer from out of town who knows many of the girls in the store. The other day she wrote in to the salesgirl she knows in the suits. She said she wanted to get a suit, waist, hat, and petticoat on a Saturday morning, and wear the whole outfit to the theater that night. She mentioned the name of the girl she goes to in the millinery department, and told the suit department girl to go to her. The girls got interested in it, and when the woman came in they were ready for her. They had several complete outfits planned, and the woman had selected the whole thing in less than an hour. The friend who was with her said she had never seen such luxurious shopping! Now, if that woman hadn't made a friend of the salesgirl, the girls would never have known her tastes and—"

"It's like 'the house that Jack built,'" I said.

"Indeed it is," said the Buyer; "only it's better than a house—the interest of the people with whom you shop. Why, many of our girls are friends in need to the poor men whose wives always want them to stop in on the way to the office and match a sample or get a pair of gloves. One of the girls told me the other day that she shops for several men whose wives think they have such remarkable taste!

"But about being friends with the girls, they appreciate it so. Just this morning I found one of my girls all smiles. She had filled a glove order for a customer and the woman had written to thank her. Of course the girl was only doing what she is here for, but I guess every one likes appreciation every now and then."

The desk telephone at the Buyer's elbow rang insistently. The Buyer answered, then turned to me.

"I must go out on the floor to see a customer," she said; "she claims the silk she bought didn't wear, and she wants, not just even credit, but also the price of the dressmaker's bill! Probably some one ironed the dress with a hot iron."

I picked up my notes.

"Thank you," I said.

"Come again," said my friend, "and don't forget to write it up."

As I went out I stopped for a moment at the waist sale. A woman was there with fire in her eye. She was giving a floor manager her opinion of the store.

"What do you mean," she demanded in a loud tone, "by advertising a sale of shirtwaists—*all* sizes—and then when I get here there is not one that will fit me? I have had a charge account for years in this store, and my mother before me, but I'm going up right now to stop it. I simply will not trade at a store where I get such treatment."

The courteous aisleman started to explain. The sale had been a popular one, and the large assortment of waists had gone quickly. There were still plenty left in large sizes, and an order of any size could be got in a few days.

The customer did not want to order. She had had enough of ordering. The store never ordered anything right.

The aisleman looked at his watch.

"You see, madam, it is really quite late," he said, "and the sale has been on all day. It is five minutes to six, and we close at six promptly."

"Six!" exclaimed the customer. "Six! and I've got to have dinner for company by seven. I'll not wait to stop that account tonight, but if I ever get such service again I'll never come here to trade any more." And the invited guest of the store flounced out.

The aisleman sighed and turned to the girl at the waist counter.

"Women like that," he said, "are the kind that make me cranky at night to the kids."

"I got her first," said the girl; "and the queer part of it was, this waist here fitted her exactly, only it's marked size 36 and she said she's always worn 34, and she hasn't got any fatter, either. I tried to tell her this make

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runs small, but nothing doing. I saw her going for you—I know her kind. Thank goodness, there goes the bell!" And the girl began to fold away her stock.

I looked from the harassed floor manager to the tired salesgirl.

"The courteous customer!" I thought, and I hurried home to write.

MY IMMIGRANT NEIGHBORS

BY GERTRUDE BARNUM

IV—MATILDA'S GARDENING

AFTER a trip through the noise and ugliness of the factory district, the fragrant loveliness of Matilda's garden was a wonderful surprise. Tucked away between high factory walls and towering tenements, the cottage of the Schmidts had resisted the encroachments of the city, and stood now, as it has stood for thirty years, with its front "stoop" and its back yard, stubbornly resisting new-fangled changes.

In the garden we found Matilda's father seated upon an ornate iron bench under a willow tree, giving a violin lesson to his young son. And soon it developed that the stubbornness of the front stoop and of the back yard, with its iron benches and stone dogs, was but a reflection of the character of this old cobbler, whose very occupation was another protest against "noo fankles."

The gentler side of Papa Schmidt was a joy. His face beamed under the roll of his white hair as he received us with two outstretched hands, and his hospitality found exuberant expression as he conducted us about the garden with sentimental attention to each little blossom. He played for us, on the violin, snatches of Schumann and Beethoven, and sent his wife for his finest bottle of Rhine wine and some German cakes. It was a delight to see him lift his little girl, "Clärchen," to his knee and stroke her yellow ringlets. It was an inspiration to hear him enthusiastically quoting Goethe and Schiller. In short, we spent an ideal evening under the soft, star-lit, summer-night sky. That is, it was ideal until Matilda spoke of my connection with the suffrage movement. Then a storm broke.

"Aber diss iss nonzenze! Und vurze!" he cried, snatching his pipe from his mouth and shaking it at his daughter. "You know I do not like that you speak of sudge a thing."

My instinct was to fly from the subject; but Matilda had managed to slip behind her father's chair, and now motioned vehemently for me to answer him. A somewhat heated argument ensued.

"A man iss to haf nudding to say in hiss own hauze any lonker?" cried the old man. "Und the wimmin should leave the coooking und the children und tress oop in short skirts, mit hats on der earss, und make speeechess on der so-ap poxess? Uggh! Nod my vife! Nod mooch!"

We succeeded in making a slight dent in the bulwarks of prejudice by dwelling upon the pathetic situation of old maids and widows who had no kind protectors like Papa Schmidt to bring food home to be cooked—women who had to face life alone and battle for a livelihood in factories and shops under hard conditions which might be improved by the ballot. And by the end of the evening he was brought to a somewhat softened mood, though still maintaining an anti-suffrage position.

Matilda gathered a bouquet of flowers for me, and as we walked toward my car I spoke of the magic which made flowers grow in such a spot.

"It isn't all magic," my friend laughingly remarked. "I can tell you, it takes a little bit of patience, and a little bit of work too. After you plant the seeds the strong rains come and wash them all up, and then you must plant again. When things begin to grow, then come the worms and other pests to eat holes in the leaves, and you must get after the worms and cure the sick plants. Next comes the scorching sun, with no rains, and everything begins to dry up; so, after working in the shop all day, you must use the watering-can till your arms drop. Afterwards here are the children of the neighbors chasing over the yard, stamping down the

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flowers. Ah, it takes a little bit of patience! It is not all magic."

As time wore on, I saw more of Matilda's family. Once I was invited by her mother to an entertainment given by the Parent-Teachers' Association of her district; and I found the buxom dame subtly but unmistakably changed. Quite dressy, and much less shy and subservient than when under her husband's influence, she was serving coffee, as a responsible member of the Refreshment Committee. Later I met her at a neighborhood center where her little "Clärchen" and Rudolph took part in a pretty German folk-dance, for which she had trained and costumed them.

More surprising still, one night Mrs. Schmidt appeared at a fine public concert of the Civic Music Association, singing lustily with the contraltos in a well-trained chorus. And, most amazing of all, upon this occasion Papa Schmidt was conspicuously present, fairly exuding approval. It was hard indeed to believe that he would consent to such a rôle as this for his humble *Hausfrau*.

During all of this time Matilda secretly had been contributing yeoman service to the suffrage movement. Among our other activities was assistance in circulating for the signatures of workingmen a huge petition to Congress. And one evening, toward the end of the winter's campaign, we were assigned for this purpose to a meeting of the Musicians' Union. Matilda, with a twinkle in her eye, had warned me that we should see her father there, as recently he had joined a quartette which furnished music at union banquets, etc. I was quite prepared for a scene when he should discover his daughter and me engaged in our brazen enterprise; and I admired the courage with which my companion in crime unflinchingly marched on toward danger.

There were about five hundred men in the hall when we entered. The president and secretary, who were ardent supporters of our cause, had arranged for a very flattering reception at the door; and they and the other officers of the organization gave us a proper start, conspicuously and enthusiastically contributing their signatures and urging their fellow-members to lend us their "assistance, help, and co-operation in every way, shape, and manner." This spirit was contagious, and our petition forms became increasingly popular.

"Anything for the ladies!" said a huge trombone player, signing with a flourish, never thinking to inquire until afterward regarding the nature of the petition. To be sure, all the signers were not equally cordial; for example, two Jewish violinists were engaged in a dispute about a clause in the Socialist platform, and apparently they signed to get rid of us. A handsome and very young Italian bandmaster politely refused to sign at all. He was profuse with apologies, explaining that it pained him to have to say no. "I am a married man myself," he protested, "and I would not wish to see my wife mix in politics." (It developed that he had married only the day before a bride of fifteen.) As there was a group eagerly waiting to make amends for this rebuff, we courteously endeavored to pass on; but being treated as of no consequence seemed to hurt the pride of the bridegroom. He continued to block our way with further pleasantries, explanations, and advice, and suddenly, an idea striking him, he dashed about, corralling eight or ten members of his band and commanded them to put down their names upon our list.

While all this was going on I had observed a portly, red-faced German 'cellist lowering upon us with a disgusted air; and no sooner had we extricated ourselves from the Italian band than he challenged us. Waving a threatening bow, he glared at me and shouted:

"It'z a disgraze! Vy dond you schtay at home vare you pelong? Diss iss no blace for vimmin—"

And then happened a miracle. For who should appear to the rescue of his daughter but old Papa Schmidt himself! Laying a restraining hand upon the arm of his friend and fellow-musician, he shoved him gently aside and reached out for a pencil. With a reassuring and loving look at Matilda, he seized her petition and cried, loudly, for all the crowd to hear: "*Look!* I vill sign dis betition. I tink it'z goot ven vimmin takes inderest in sooch t'ings. Herman, you vant that your vife cannot talk apout anyt'ing aber alvays der schtew, oder paby talk! I'm glat to zee it ven vimmin takes an inderest!"

You could have knocked me down with a feather at the moment; but later it dawned upon me that this transformation had not been accomplished without "a little bit of patience" and "a little bit of work;" that it was no more due to magic than was the blooming of roses in the Schmidts' back yard. In short, I came to realize that Papa Schmidt's conversion was merely another example of Matilda's gardening.

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THE READER'S VIEW

SHALL LYNCHING BE SUPPRESSED?

The number of The Outlook for August 11 justly characterized the recent lynching at Temple, Texas, as a "reversion to savagery," "a ghastly barbarism," and as "revolting and inconceivably abominable." But why stop with mere denunciation? Why not go a step further and press upon the American people with insistent force the demand that measures—drastic measures, if necessary—be taken to suppress the "lynch mob" which has become notorious the world over as a peculiarly American institution? If there were a will to suppress it, the way could and would be found. The truth is, there is a most deplorable lack of will. The American people are too easy-going. They have never seriously grappled with this evil. They read in the morning paper an account of the latest lynching and for the moment are shocked. They go to their daily work and dismiss the affair with the reflection that it is none of their business. But it is their business, the business of the whole American people, because these recurring lynchings are a foul blot upon the good name of the United States the world over.

In the last thirty-five years there have been more than four thousand lynchings, an average of more than one hundred annually. The average of the last five years has been about sixty. Not a few victims have been innocent of any crime, and the majority have been guilty of only minor offenses. Of the total number, more than one hundred, at a very conservative estimate, have been burnings. When we denounce atrocities in other lands, we are met very properly with the *tu quoque* retort: "Why don't you *first* put a stop to the atrocities perpetrated in your own back yard?"

Of the tens, even hundreds, of thousands who have been active or applauding participants in these affairs, virtually not one has been punished. Nobody has been punished for any of the more than thirty lynchings of the last six months, and, judging by the past, nobody will be punished for the fiendish affair at Temple, Texas. Local authorities, courts, and juries have utterly failed in their duty. It is time for the American people to demand that action for the suppression of lynching be taken through United States courts and officials.

An incident of ten years ago points the way: A lynching had taken place in Alabama. As usual, the local authorities showed no determined purpose to bring the lynchers to justice. The United States judge for that District, believing that his court had jurisdiction, charged the United States Grand Jury to bring in an indictment. They did so. The counsel for the defendant undertook to sue out a writ of habeas corpus. The judge refused to grant it; thereupon the counsel appealed to the United States Supreme Court, on the ground that United States courts have no jurisdiction in cases of lynching. That court returned the appeal on account of some technical informality, and thus avoided deciding the question at issue. The District judge based his claim to jurisdiction upon certain of the general statutes of the United States, which, if plain English means anything, include lynchings within their scope. But if it is thought that these statutes are not sufficiently explicit, let Congress pass a law distinctly authorizing and directing United States courts to take cognizance of such cases. There is abundant warrant in the Constitution for such authority to be given to the Federal courts.

Moreover, every State should organize a trained constabulary, always on duty, to patrol the rural districts, and ready at a moment's call to support the officers of the law in preventing a lynching. If, however, in spite of due warning, the mob will not desist from their purpose, the constabulary should be empowered and ordered to administer a dose of cold lead. Essentially cowards, would-be lynchers would not stay to meet that argument.

There is an old saying: "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar." Scratch lynchers and their abettors, and you will find a brutal savage, with only a thin veneer of civilization. There are too many Americans of this sort. They are a disgrace to our citizenship, and should be given short shrift through the Federal courts, which represent the authority and majesty of the whole American people. Let The Outlook, our newspaper press, and all decent citizens unite in demanding that this intolerable evil be suppressed through the cooperation of Congress, the Federal courts, and local and State authorities. The latest lynchings, of Leo Frank and at Temple, Texas, are a fitting climax to the more than four thousand that have preceded them. They should arouse the entire Nation to stern, determined action. *Will they?*

WINTHROP D. SHELDON.
Litchfield, Connecticut.

THE RIGHT TO GOVERN

At the close of our Spanish-American War, and later in connection with the war in the Philippine Islands, there was much earnest and eager discusssion concerning the rights of man and the foundations of human government.

Some at that time found easy answer to these problems in the statements of our Declaration of Independence, viz., "That all men are created equal," and have "certain inalienable rights," among them being "life, liberty, and the pursuit

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of happiness;" and "that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Others denied these statements, averring that it was plain beyond contradiction that men were not created equal, that governments among men were not based upon the consent of the governed, but were founded on fear and force; and, further, that the United States, by reason of its growth in education, population, invention, wealth, and progress in civilization and power, was entitled to impress that progress and civilization upon such a backward and inferior set of races as those inhabiting the Philippine Islands, and because those races resented and resisted that imprint or impress we imposed it by force and arms and called the process "benevolent assimilation."

Germany has long cherished this same idea as to its progress in civilization, and also its right to impose its *Kultur* upon the rest of the world, and for over a year now it has been engaged in its self-imposed task of improving the backward races of this world, attaching Turkey as assistant schoolmaster in this work.

Was the United States on principle right in its so-called "benevolent assimilation" of the Philippine races? If we were right in that matter, is Germany wrong now in cherishing a similar ambition and attempting to apply it on the tremendous scale undertaken by it?

Again the old questions recur: (1) What are the rights and duties of a man—a mere human being—considered now, not in a national or racial way, but in an international and world-wide way? (2) What is the ultimate foundation of human government, considered in this same world-wide way?

Your patient and kindly spirit in dealing with the problems of human life will give to your answers to these questions a value and influence that it is difficult not to measure.

Denver, Colorado. T. H. HOOD.

[See an editorial in this issue.—THE EDITORS.]

DR. EHRLICH'S DISCOVERIES

In view of the wide scope of The Outlook's journalistic activities, the inclusion in your issue of September 1 of an editorial on Ehrlich and Finlay was eminently proper. It has furnished facts about which every intelligent reader ought to know something. Of course nothing more than a mere outline of the work of these two great men could be expected in magazines of a general character. In the case of Dr. Finlay your outline is fairly complete. In the case of Dr. Ehrlich your outline amounts to a mere fragment. You are right when you say "he is most widely known for his discovery of salvarsan in 1910," if by this you refer to the knowledge of him among the people at large. But even as to the credit for this discovery your statement is incomplete. Great and useful as was his discovery of salvarsan as "a specific for the most dreaded of all blood diseases," the scope of the greatness of this discovery rests upon the fact that it was an incident to a successful effort to cure human infections in general by chemotherapy, thus materializing the hope and dream of ages. In 1881 Huxley predicted that it will become possible "to introduce into the economy a molecular mechanism which, like a cunningly devised torpedo, shall find its way to some particular group of living elements, and cause an explosion among them, leaving the rest untouched!" Dr. Ehrlich materialized this prediction.

But an outline of this great man's service to humanity should make mention, at least, of the following, to quote the "Journal of the American Medical Association:"

"Discoveries in bacterial staining methods, which proved of great value to Koch, and which ever since have been in daily use everywhere; the micro-chemical differentiation of leucocytes, on which rests the study of the blood for clinical purposes; the development of the methylene blue reaction of living tissues; and the formulation of that unique conception of protoplasmic structure and function on which he based the great side-chain theory which he advanced to explain the reactions in immunity and other phenomena."

The discoveries enumerated, while representing the greatest refinements both of philosophy and laboratory technique, and therefore of particular interest to scientists, have resulted in practical usefulness in the daily life of all mankind. It is because of these discoveries that bacteriology has made such strides; it is because of these discoveries that our extensive and useful knowledge of the blood has become possible; and it is because of these discoveries that the development of treatment by antitoxins has reached its present extent. Very few are the families in the civilized world which have not been benefited in one way or another through the discoveries of Dr. Ehrlich. Moreover, these discoveries have laid the foundation for further discoveries and achievements in biochemistry in general and therapeutics in particular which may surpass our wildest dreams. Dr. Ehrlich belongs to a group of immortals with Pasteur and Lister. And this not alone because his discoveries are proving of such substantial benefit to mankind, but also because they were a result, not of chance, but of a combination of creative genius of first magnitude and of hard work.

WILLIAM W. GOLDEN, M.D., F.A.C.S.

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BY THE WAY

Rochester, New York, has an annual exposition that is partly a municipal enterprise. The exposition was started by a number of private concerns, but its success was so great that the city government provided it with an exposition ground of forty-five acres, fitted up with handsome buildings. Here both manufacturing and agricultural exhibits are shown—the former including the lines that have made Rochester famous, such as cameras, optical goods, shoes, clothing, office fixtures, and prepared foods. The exhibit this year, now in progress, is reported to be particularly "worth while."

Writing of William H. Seward in the "Atlantic Monthly," Gamaliel Bradford says that Seward's "splendid, energetic, triumphant, imaginative optimism" is perhaps his greatest merit and surest claim to the affection of posterity. This optimism Seward effectively summed up in one striking sentence: "The improvability of our race is unlimited." This watchword, Mr. Bradford remarks, may well stimulate our courage when the immediate prospect looks most hopeless.

The jitney bus service of Pasadena, California, has developed to such an exceptional extent that a transfer system has been established, it being the intention to issue transfers for travel on as many as ten different routes within the city.

Over the entrance to the laboratory of Heike Kamerlingh Onnes, says "Everybody's Magazine," is this inscription: "Door Meten, Tot Weten," "which, as everybody who remembers his Dutch will see, means 'Knowledge Rests Upon Measurements.'" Dr. Onnes received a Nobel Prize not long ago, and this year he received the Franklin Medal for his scientific experiments in producing intense cold. In one of these experiments he liquefied helium at 452 degrees below zero.

Nearly a ton of wrist watches were on exhibition at a recent convention of jewelers in New York. "The majority of persons," said one of the exhibitors, "call these 'sissy' watches, but this term will eventually be discredited—for one thing, because the officers in the European war are depending a great deal on wrist watches." The convention, however, as a whole, did not encourage the use of the innovation.

Does a railway ticket seller ever think of the value of a friendly attitude toward his clients, the traveling public? Apparently one of them does, for he is reported as saying, in an address to his fellow ticket-sellers: "You need the help and friendship of every one possible. A man may not travel more than once a year, and is absolutely in the dark and cannot always grasp your ideas and terms readily. The best asset you can have is a pleased and satisfied customer. When you shake a man by the hand, put your heart in it so that he can feel the beats are for him, not that you want to 'beat' him."

Sarah Bernhardt plans to come to America for a long visit. She is now, it is reported, in Andernos, France, where, she says, "I have a garden and can practice walking without being bothered by inquisitive persons." When complimented on the courage she displayed in taking up her ordinary occupations after her recent operation, she said: "Courage! What's that? Has not every one courage to-day, and a finer courage than mine?"

Here is a theme for an opera, comic or otherwise: Maria Vito, pretty and nineteen, arrives at New York on an Italian liner; Pasquale Romano, of Harrison, New Jersey, her fiancé, goes to meet her; on seeing her he says his taste has changed since he became engaged to her, two years ago, and refuses to marry her. Maria is greatly distressed. The reluctant bridegroom's brother, who also has come to the pier, disagrees with Pasquale as to the attractiveness of the damsel, and knocks him down in the course of the argument. The girl clings to her new champion, and he declares that he will marry her himself. She consents, and the pair go off with a convenient priest to be wedded!

A mechanical tumbler-washer meets a need long felt by the patrons, at least, of the omnipresent soda water fountain, who have grown tired of seeing the just-used tumbler swished around in a tank of dirty water under the counter and then offered to the new customer. The mechanical washer consists of a receptacle which contains a rose jet for cleaning the inside of the tumbler, while the outside is cleaned by water issuing from perforations in the outer wall of the receptacle.

More than 2,000,000 automobiles are in use in the United States to-day. Last year New England had 151,513; New York and other Central Eastern States, 382,126; the West, including the Lake States and the Middle Western and Pacific Coast States, had the astonishing total of 1,086,107. This year all these figures have been augmented, and the export trade has been greater than ever before.

A theatrical man, in an appreciation of Junius Brutus Booth, declares that "intellectually he stood above any actor of his own or any other time." In justification of this praise these claims are made: Booth had a knowledge of seamanship (acquired as a midshipman), was an expert printer, had studied law and medicine, was an acute theologian, and spoke eight languages fluently, besides being "the greatest actor who ever spoke the English language."

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